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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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*In the Garden*

# Rubber and Its Relation to Tire Values

By H. S. Firestone



THE subject of rubber as used in automobile tires has heretofore been a closed book to the tire user. And such little information as has been given has not created very definite or accurate impressions.

Many believe that all rubber comes from Para. The fact is Para is only one port in the vast South American rubber zone.

The finest rubber, the world's standard of value, comes from the upper Amazon Valley—this grade being known as Up-River Fine Para. The difficulties and dangers of gathering this rubber add greatly to its cost. From the lower Amazon Valley are obtained the weaker and cheaper grades of Brazilian rubber.

## The Meaning of "Para"

The next quality of rubber to fine Para comes from the Island of Ceylon and the Federated Malay States, where nearly a million acres have been devoted to rubber culture.

Africa is another source of supply, Mexico another, but the rubbers are inferior.

The yearly output of the world approximates 85,000 tons, a very small part of which is first quality Para, although Brazil produces one half of the total supply.

So, in spite of all that tire makers have had, and still have to say about "Pure Para"—the fact that Para rubber is used means little.

First—because of the several kinds or grades of rubber shipped from South America under that trade name. One can use a low grade or a costly Para. Either may be pure.

Second—because it is not whether Para is used—but how it is used—the quantity used, that is vital to tire efficiency and service.

No tire is *pure rubber*. That is out of the question. An *all* rubber tire would not, could not, give the service. A compounding of mineral substances with the rubber is essential.

The formulas followed for the different compounds used in the various sections of the tire are what largely govern *price* and *quality*.

The chemist in charge of the laboratory is instructed according to the manufacturer's aims and standards. He makes a high grade compound if quality is the end in view or a poor, cheap compound if price is the object.

Zinc, white lead, etc., are cheaper than rubber.

Gold Coast, South Cameroon and other African rubbers, are cheaper than Para—Plantation rubber, Coarse Para, Cameta Para and Manicoba are cheaper than Up-River Fine Para.

## Tire Makers Temptations

And the price of all raw rubber is high enough and unsteady enough to be a source of constant anxiety.

The temptation is great. Perhaps the tread mixture could stand more compounding, or the quantity used for each tire reduced a bit.

Then there is the side-wall mixture, the grade and volume of rubber used for the cushion and fabric saturation. All presenting opportunities for "economy" (?)—all temptations for the tire maker to lower his cost, cheapen his product.

But there can be no compromise. *Quality* tires *must* have highest quality and ample quantity of rubber here, there and everywhere.

Yet it is not all a matter of ounces and pounds or dollars and cents. If this were not true, if expense were the *only* consideration, perhaps "Firestone" tires would have been duplicated.

There is the element of the chemist's genius or "know how" to reckon with in tire making.

## The Service of Science

In producing the "Firestone" compounds, results were obtained that go beyond commercial values. The aim was the most efficient, strongest and longest wearing tire possible. Money was no object. All the Up-River Fine Para necessary was used. The highest grade material in any quantity required was employed.

The goal being reached, the standard has been maintained ever since, regardless of cost.

So the "Firestone" compounds, and therefore the "Firestone" tire as a whole, is *more* than high grade in quality and quantity of rubber. This is one reason for the leadership of "Firestone" tires for 12 years, with never an "off" season.

Fortunately for car owners and the tire industry, the demand for tires has been so great that the growing volume of business has offset such increases in cost of materials and labor as have occurred. The price of rubber is becoming more steady, too, owing to the influence of the large plantations on the world's market.

## Giving Users The Benefit

More lately the car owners' interest has been best served by greatly enlarged manufacturing capacity and improved facilities generally, making even a reduction of price possible.

The new "Firestone" plant is three times the size of the factory occupied only a year ago—yet both plants are in full operation, the old used *exclusively* for rims, the new *exclusively* for tires. Concentration counts.

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JUNE 15

# Collier's

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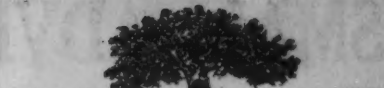
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**AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO** sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 240 Bar St., Canton, O.

**A 400% PROFIT GLIDING CASTERS—JUST** out. We want Agents capable earning \$50.00 a week. Exclusive territory with own sub agents. Set costs 3c. Sells 10 to 25c. Homes buy 6 to 40 sets. Hotels 50 to 500 sets. Anyone can attach. Noiseless. Save Carpets, Furniture and Wood's Scratch Floor. Sensational agents' Bonanza. Samples 4c. Evergrip Caster Co., 208 Warren St., N. Y.

**FREE SAMPLE GOES WITH FIRST LETTER.** Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders \$1.00 to \$100. Big demand everywhere. Nice pleasant business. Write at once. Metallic Sign Co., 432 N. Clark, Chicago.

**AGENTS FOR OUR NEW PEERLESS ACCI-** dent Policy. Pays \$1000 death and \$1.50 weekly benefit for \$1 yearly. Largest comms. \$250,000 deposited with State. Great Eastern Casualty Co., Peerless Dept. C, Newark, N. J.

## PICTURE PLAYWRIGHTS' SCHOOLS

**MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. YOU** can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free Asa'd M. P. Schools, 709 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

## CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT STORIES** or for Newspapers. Big pay. Free booklet. Tells how. United Press Syndicate, San Francisco, Cal.

## AUTO INSTRUCTION

**BE AN AUTO EXPERT. FINE POSITIONS** open. Easy work, Big Pay. We teach you at home by charts, diagrams and model. Highest endorsements. Small payment to start. Write for new 1912 book—Free. Practical Auto School, 1154 Pearl Street, New York.

## AUTOS and SUNDRIES

**AUTOMOBILE OWNERS CAN MAKE RUN-** ning expenses of care and income by handling our accessories; liberal commission and exclusive territory to right party. F. M. Knauss, 46 Lexington Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

## MOTOR TOURS

**AUTOMOBILE AND MOTORCYCLE TOURS** 350 trips cover the best roads in the country. 56 pages of maps and itineraries. 25 cents, postpaid. Motorcycle Illustrated, 51 Chambers St., New York.

## COLLECTIONS

**"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN** everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Lake, 77 Oak, Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

## —If you are looking for an opportunity

to earn money at home, or if you are looking for a position as an agent or a salesman, or if you are in need of a man to fill a responsible position—read Collier's Classified Columns.

If you want to go one step farther and practically make sure of finding what you want

—advertise your desires in Collier's Classified Columns.

The classified advertisements in Collier's are the cream of the best "want ads" in the whole United States.

It is a pretty safe assumption that a man doesn't advertise his wants in a national magazine unless those wants are well worth advertising.

There is another thing, too.

The papers of any city or town cover one comparatively small locality, and only one. They may introduce you to the man or the opportunity you are seeking, and again they may not. You may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco—while the man or the opening you want may be in Butte or New Orleans.

Collier's Classified Columns correspond to the "want" columns of the daily newspaper, but their field is infinitely broader and more effective, both on account of the extent of Collier's circulation and because of the fact that the advertisements make not a general appeal every day, but a concentrated appeal once every two weeks.

Collier's Classified Columns appear only in the first and third issue of each month.

They have a national circulation among readers who have positions to give and brains to offer. Collier's carries more "agents wanted" and "high-grade salesmen" advertising than any other publication with a Classified department.

If you want anybody or anything worth wanting write to

# Collier's Classified Columns

416 West 13th Street, New York City



## A Harvest Of Profits For You

For eight years the biggest money-makers—never-failing—at summer resorts, amusement parks, race courses, etc., have been Empire

### Candy Floss Machines

Thirty 5 cent packages of delicious candy from a pound of sugar. Think of the profit. You can't fail—Get the free facts.

Home Ice-Making Plant. Ask for catalog 100. Pop-Corn and Peanut Roasters, sure winners. Write for catalog 0. **STEVENS MFG. & SUPPLY CO.** Makers and Distributors Stevens Pocket Lighter Non-Locking Valve—Full Line Auto Accessories. Dept. G, 1225 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Rider Agents Wanted



in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. Write for Special Offer.

Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models... \$10 to \$27

with Coaster-Brakes and Function-Proof tires. 1910 & 1911 Models all of best makes \$7 to \$12

100 Second-Hand Wheels All makes and models, good as new... \$3 to \$8

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE. We Ship on Approval without a cent down, pay for freight and allow TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, mudguards, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogue and offer. Write now.

**MEAD CYCLE CO.** Dept. F-64, CHICAGO

## STUDY High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence LAW

Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Twentieth year. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law 505 Reaper Block, Chicago



## STUDY at Home Become a Lawyer Legal Diploma

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 20 Deans and leading univ. law school teachers. We guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law-Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Begin now. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free. La Salle Extension University, Box 2386, Chicago, Ill.



## Beautiful Mexican PARROTS

Direct from Mexico. Unequaled entertaining pets. All choice birds, positively guaranteed to talk. I ship "Collect on Delivery" with privilege of examination. Lowest prices. Been in this business exclusively for a lifetime. Write today for free circular and prices. **GEO. GLEASON, Box 264, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.**

## A Quarter of a Year For a Quarter of a Dollar

Send For a Sample Copy of

## THE HOUSEKEEPER

and Show This Magazine To Your Friends

Tell them that they can get, through you, for a limited time only.

### That Number and Two Others For Only Twenty-five Cents

Get the names and addresses—and the quarters—of your friends and send them to us. The magazines—July, August and September issues—will be mailed promptly to each.

As your reward we will send you for—

12 three-month subscriptions, one year's subscription to The Housekeeper for yourself.

6 three-month subscriptions, a half year's subscription to The Housekeeper for yourself.

This is a special offer made to introduce THE HOUSEKEEPER as it is to-day, to new readers. It is open to everyone until August 1, but not longer.

### A Quarter of a Year For A Quarter of a Dollar

**P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated**  
416 W. 13th St., New York

## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 75

**T**HE J. Walter Thompson Company, an advertising agency at 44 East Twenty-Third Street, New York City, have recently published a book entitled, "Things to Know About Trade-Marks." I don't know whether this book was compiled to be given away or to sell. If anyone wants one, a postal card to the above address will tell you how it can be secured.

It surely is a most interesting book, giving: first, a digest of the trade-mark law; second, essentials of a valid trade-mark; third, advertising characters, and so on. A portion of the introduction reads,—

"A commodity may attain a height of distinction, in the public's estimation, that places it, among other commodities of its class, on the level attained by Shakespeare in literature.

"Apollinaris among table waters; Heinz '57' among pickles; Hartshorn rollers among window shade appliances; Coca-Cola among soda fountain drinks; Huyler's among candies; Uneda Biscuit among soda crackers; Horlick's among malted milks—each of these products has become, by reason of advertising combined with intrinsic merit, the standard of quality in its own class."

Many other well-known trade-marks are mentioned. For instance, "Kodak," "O'Sullivan's," "B. V. D.," "E. & W." The instant you see these names you know what they stand for. Who can forget the "Gold Dust Twins," "Cream of Wheat Chef," "Old Dutch Cleanser," and the many other familiar pictures; they instantly flash to your mind the product itself. This has been brought about by consistent, persistent, honest advertising.

And what's more to the point, advertising has distributed these goods so the consumer can buy them at lower cost than many unadvertised brands.

*T. B. Patterson.*

Manager Advertising Department



## The Book Bargain of the Year

We have just issued a Popular Edition of the Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

If you do not possess this famous work, now is the time to obtain a set at the price of a collection of midsummer novels.

This edition is printed from the clear-cut plates used in printing the fine de luxe editions. It contains every book, every word, that is found in the expensive editions.

The Popular Edition is printed on first-class paper, and substantially and attractively bound.

## Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

In a New and Popular Edition

The practical value of the Five-Foot Shelf of Books to any reader is worth many times its cost.

It is the autobiography of civilization, written in the words of those who have made civilization what it is.

You will find in it the underlying thought of great movements; the ideas that stand as the foundation stones of politics, religion, science, literature and human culture.

Dr. Eliot says: "I believe that the faithful and considerate reading of these books will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day."

## Everybody Can Now Afford this Famous Library

For the first time, the Five-Foot Shelf is within easy reach of those of moderate means.

This Popular Edition is Dr. Eliot's own idea. In publishing it we are carrying out his plan to make this great collection of literature the cornerstone of a million American home libraries.

### Our 64-Page Book Tells All About It

**Sent Free** An attractive 64-page booklet describing the Five-Foot Shelf will be

sent in exchange for the coupon cut from this advertisement. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us, and we will forward the free book at once. At the same time we shall furnish particulars of the Popular Edition, with information as to prices and terms.

We want a few experienced special representatives in good localities to represent us in the distribution of the Popular Edition. Write direct to our main office in New York or apply personally to any branch office.

**P. F. COLLIER & SON, Inc.**  
Publishers of Good Books  
NEW YORK

**P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.**  
416 W. 13th Street, New York City  
Please send to me by mail, free of charge and without obligation of any sort on my part, the 64-page book describing the Eliot Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name.....  
Address.....



## Franklin "Little Six"

The Franklin "Little Six" costs no more for operation and up-keep than a four-cylinder car of the same size and power.

The motor is sweet running and free from vibration. In a small motor the even torque of six-cylinder construction gives remarkable flexibility and smoothness of operation.

Full elliptic springs cushion road shocks. When the wheels strike rough places the blow does not reach the chassis.

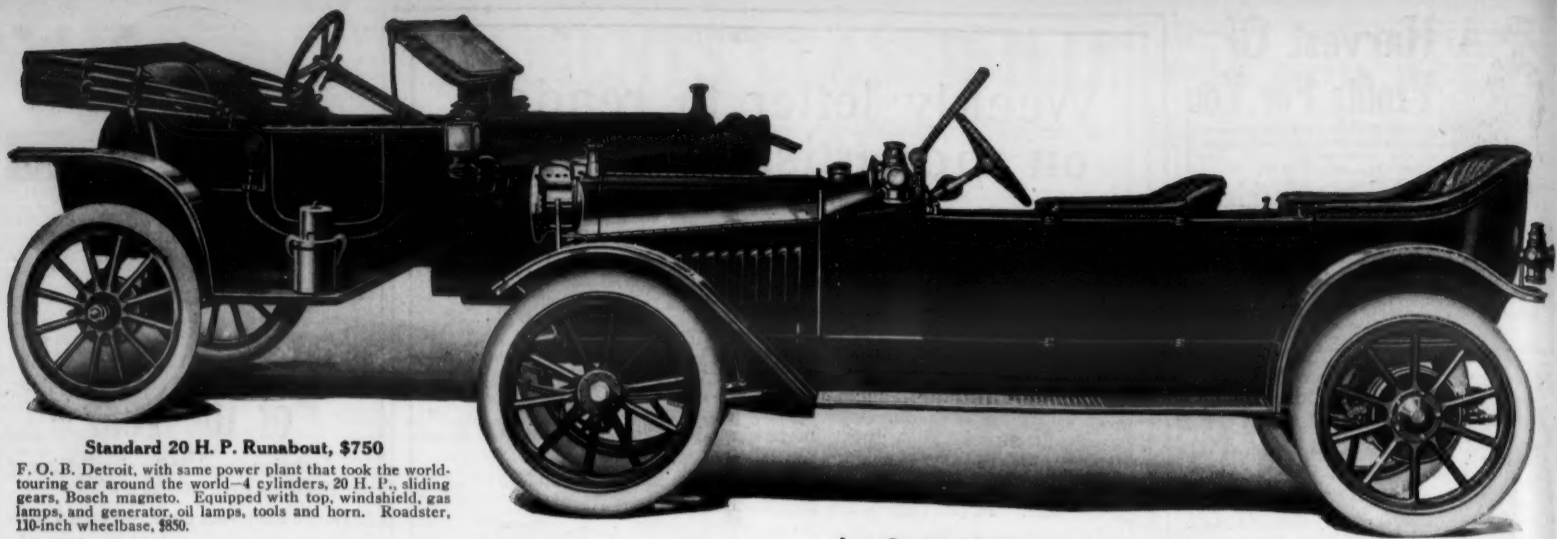
Front springs are as flexible as the rear springs. This balances the riding, and in addition keeps jars and jolts away from the engine.

Driving power is delivered positively and flexibly through the springs. There are no strut or radius rods to transmit vibration. Driving and braking strain does not rack the car.

A five-passenger car, 30 h.p. Price \$2800 at factory.

Send for catalogue of all models

**FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY**  
Syracuse N Y



**Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, \$750**

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheelbase, \$850.



This man's duty is to ream out the main bearings of the motor.

The three bearings are reamed out at the same time, perfect alignment being thus assured by the very first operation to which they are submitted after having been cast.

From this operation, the crank case passes on to the skilled workers who scrape the bearings to a minute degree of exactness and marvelous smoothness, fitting the crankshaft with such nicety that any possibility of undue or uneven wear is precluded.

Please note the extra-generous width of the two end bearings; and the third or center bearing for the crankshaft—a decidedly unusual feature, in a motor cast en bloc, unless the car costs about \$2,500.

The careful workmanship told of here is typical of every operation in the great Hupmobile plant.

The three crankshaft bearings, instead of the two usually provided in a medium priced car, are indicative of the high quality and the exceptional value that stamp the Hupmobile an unusual car.

Beneath the crank case in the picture is shown the crankshaft, with connecting rods in place; and on the floor is shown the three-bearing camshaft.

**Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, \$900**

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-inch bore and 5 1/4-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase; 32x3 1/2-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. Roadster, \$900

# *Hupmobile*

## \$900

One thought dominates this organization and impresses itself upon every operation that enters into the construction of the car.

To build for the future, and not for the sales of the moment—to build so scrupulously, so soundly and so well, that the lapse of years will find in the Hupmobile owner a deep and abiding sense of service rendered and value received.

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

**Hupp Motor Car Company,**

1230 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

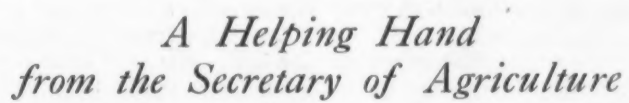
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

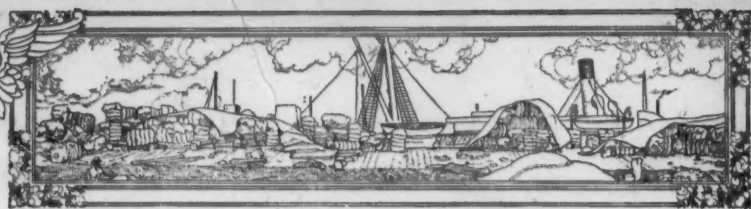


MARK

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR





#### WILBUR WRIGHT

A POWERFUL AMERICAN inventor fell before a needless American disease. Whence the fever came is uncertain, but perhaps twenty years of a life, valuable above others, might have remained had our cities met the advancing standards of our time. Whether an obscure atom in that tragedy which shadows all, or a WILBUR WRIGHT, understanding Nature and thereby conquering her, man passes like a flash into the everlasting flux. He who labors unknown may somewhat brighten the radius of his obscure and tiny world; the man of genius, in his talents and his character, has a farther reach, and may be for millions not only a practical helper but a spiritual guide. WILBUR WRIGHT was both. He studied, obeyed, and thereby mastered the forces of the air; and in his quiet persistence he was the model of a man. In all the stretches of this continent you shall not find a more satisfying picture: These brothers, patient, simple, and triumphant, do mighty things, and never speak an unwise word; dauntless themselves, they rebuke foolhardiness that is the parody of courage. Averse by taste and judgment to the search for thrills, to any search for mob applause, they escape any single quality that could belittle their epoch-making conquests, earned in the shop at Dayton, tested along the quiet dunes at Kitty Hawk, seen by the world only when the victory was complete. The WRIGHTS will go into history as men who have shed a rounded glory: the brilliancy of genius with the sturdiness of character; the seizure of the unknown with the integrity which makes nations great.

#### THE CONQUEST

EXCEPT AS BROUGHT OPENLY to them by WILBUR WRIGHT the French learned most of what they knew of the secrets of flight from the close study of pictures made at a magic-lantern show and in the study through opera glasses of WRIGHT in flight. The magic-lantern pictures, shown while a French commission was in Dayton negotiating with the WRIGHTS, displayed all of the WRIGHT machine except its essential characteristic of warping wings. From these pictures the imitators made their stanch and stable biplanes, and it was because of the success of these that the French commission dropped its option. WILBUR's invasion of France was the answer. His triumph there is known to all the world. Men with opera glasses, observing how his wing tips worked, started a controversy about the respective merits of the American "unstable" theory against the French "stable" theory. WILBUR smiled. He did not explain that the French were quarreling about whether his machine as it actually existed was better than the same machine as it had appeared in photographs. The stable theory had a short life. Every kind of French machine began to warp its wings and thereby to fly further and better. The WRIGHTS left the explanation to others. They simply went ahead. The whole truth about what the world owes to them cannot be told without franker comment on some rivals than we care to make. Time will set the story right. The silence which WILBUR and ORVILLE have always maintained about the individual part of each in their discoveries will probably never be broken and their names will be undivided. Meanwhile our sympathy in this loss is only partly for the country which recognizes in these brothers one of the finest sources of its pride. It turns back to the simple frame house, the boyhood home whence into the hushed streets the body of the elder brother was carried to its resting place. The saddest part of the death is there in the little home where the "boys," as they were always called, used to live with the self-possessed little woman, their sister, who had presided for so many years over the household and given the deciding voice in most important business questions. The tragedy for the world is large, but it is deepest in the silent workshop and in the empty chair.

#### THE UNTRODDEN WAY

THE MAN WHO FOLLOWS the untrodden way often grows sore of foot and lonely of heart. Whether it is in the primitive wilderness or through the jungle of established wrongs and customs, the way will be thorny and rocky and beset by cunning savagery. And even those who are to follow after and enjoy the blessings of the healthier, happier way often jibe and rail at the lonely man of faith breaking the new road. And yet with all the opposition and hardship and loneliness, there is a zest in walking the untrodden way. There is a thrill of high purpose and a lure of faith unknown to the plodders on the dull road of Let-Us-Alone. Even the hardship of it calls to the man willing to work; the battle of it stirs the man whose courage is ready to defend the weak and the needy; and the originality of it lures the man of imagination. Sometimes the snug man in the coolness of his own shade tree pities the toiler on the unbeaten track. But he sees only the outside hardship of what seems a thankless task. He never knows the satisfaction of a grim purpose fought to the finish, the thrill of the bugle call far ahead

on the untrodden road, nor sees visions, in his weariest hour, of throngs who shall come after, singing the songs of a truer freedom, and gathering the fruit that grows along the better way of life which he has found for them.

#### PITCHING RECORDS

AMONG PLAYERS TO-DAY, in the major leagues, the pitcher who reminds one most of some of the old-time stars is WALSH of the Chicago White Sox, as he has, in addition to his ability in single games, that staying power which used to be a necessary attribute in the days when one great pitcher carried the burden of his team. When professional baseball began AL SPALDING, the leading pitcher of his day, pitched all the games for the first four seasons. Baseball changed within a few years and became almost what it is to-day by the time CHARLES RADBOURNE, in 1884, pitched 72 games for Providence in one season, with a percentage of victories of 83.8. The year before he had pitched 37 consecutive games, of which he won 28. It is a little difficult to understand why this great pitcher is so seldom referred to nowadays. His rival, JOHN CLARKSON, is much more famous. CLARKSON won 72 games for Boston in 1889, with a percentage of 73.6, and he won 70 for Chicago in 1885, with a percentage of 79.0, being most of the games played. When RADBOURNE was at his height he was supported part of the time by CHARLES SWEENEY, as second pitcher, a player of different type, whose specialty was strike-outs. SWEENEY's record of 21 strike-outs against Boston in one game in 1883 has never been nearly equaled in the major leagues, 16 being the next number. For proved endurance WALSH certainly stands easily first to-day. In 1908 JOHNSON of Washington pitched three games against New York on September 4, 5, and 7, not a run being scored by his opponents in 27 innings. In 1908 RUELBAUGH of Chicago pitched two games in one day and shut out Brooklyn in both. Such feats, even for one or a few days, are against the principle on which baseball is conducted now. Probably there are a number of pitchers in the big leagues who could, if it were necessary, do what RADBOURNE and CLARKSON and SPALDING did in the days of long ago.

#### HOLD-UP METHODS

ONE OF THE CHOICEST exhibits that have come along in our study of the way the Southern delegates are being handled is the following:

DEAR SIR—As I have been very busy with campaign work, I have not been able to give proper attention to my duties as referee for President TAFT in Texas. Now that the campaign for delegates is about ended, I would like to secure the information from each county relative to the post offices, which will enable me to act promptly in the matter of vacancies and reappointments, also as to making recommendations for appointments in new offices established.

I shall be pleased to have a full report from you as to your county, whether there are any complaints against the present incumbents and also whether in your opinion they all deserve reappointment. Where vacancies occur, or changes are made, I wish to appoint loyal Taft Republicans, or those recommended by loyal Taft Republicans, and in getting up the indorsements, I would like this feature of it plainly shown.

If you are at the State Convention at Fort Worth on May 28, I shall be glad to talk over the situation in your county, because I wish to get as much information as possible in regard to conditions in each county. You will find me at the Hotel Worth.

Yours truly,

H. F. MACGREGOR.

Mr. MACGREGOR is the campaign manager for Mr. TAFT in Texas. His circular was sent to members of the Texas State Committee and to Republican county chairmen. It is practically, of course, an attempt to bribe officeholders just in advance of the State Convention.

#### SENSE FROM ARKANSAS

READERS WHO WISH to help destroy the present system of choosing Presidents may perhaps save the series of articles we have been running on Southern Republican delegates. Those who do are advised to supplement this collection with the brief sent out by JAMES A. COMER in behalf of himself and the other contesting delegates from Arkansas. We recall a story of a graduate from an Eastern law school who thought he would like to settle in Arkansas. He wrote to a judge there a letter which ended with the words: "I am an honest young lawyer and a Republican." That part of the judge's answer which history preserves is: "If you are an honest lawyer you will have a monopoly, and if you are a Republican the game laws will protect you." The Republican vote in 1908 was 56,760 in a population of a million and a half. HENRY WATTERSON said that in the nominations in Kentucky nothing was left to chance or the voter. How thoroughly these two elements are kept out of the Republican machine of Arkansas is told in Mr. COMER's protest with brilliant simplicity, with cheerful ironical descriptions of the men who, themselves feeding crookedly off the Government all their lifetimes, see (like BOSS BARNES of New York) a national peril in direct primaries and third terms.

#### THE POWER OF HEADLINES

THE NEW YORK "TIMES" is an uncommonly accurate newspaper. Its headings, in pursuance of this general policy, are more likely than those of most newspapers to reflect what is in the articles. An illustration, therefore, taken from that paper is a fair way of making the point about headline government. The "Times," in its issue of May 28, published a translation of an article by GUGLIELMO FERRERO. This article described the unrest in North America—the discontent with plutocracy—and added that Mr. ROOSEVELT had understood this movement. He had realized that it was allied to "the simple but strong and healthy idealism which characterized the Union at its beginning—that it is also, in part, the reaction of the Puritan and democratic tradition against the excesses and disorders of a civilization very powerful and brilliant, no doubt, but likewise full of vices and of impure ambitions." A man of as clear and determined a mind as Mr. ROOSEVELT inevitably saw that it was the duty of the Republican party to satisfy as far as possible, in so far as they were reasonable, the aspirations of the masses. He had been endeavoring for some years to bring these about. This position of his accounted for the rage and distrust as well as the enthusiasm which he aroused. His stand necessarily caused some personal danger to him, but "none of those who know him doubts that, once he has got into the fight, Mr. ROOSEVELT will go after, to the very end, what he feels is his duty, with the bravery, the simplicity, and the good-humor which are his characteristics. . . . It is this very simplicity of ideas, supported by a will that is determined and sure of itself, which has caused the man's immense popularity. No matter what the outcome may be of the struggle in which he is now engaged, there can be no doubt that, if the internal transformation of the Republican party is necessary and possible, there is no man more qualified to effect it than he. And, in this case, Mr. ROOSEVELT will probably still have a fine rôle to play in the politics of his great country." That is what the Italian historian said. Now here are the headlines which the "Times" put on this article:

#### FERRERO SEES PERIL IN ROOSEVELT'S AIM

Historian Says His Attempt to Satisfy the  
Great Unrest is Fraught with Danger

#### DEMOCRACY'S GREAT CHANCE

Roosevelt, He Explains, Has Seized Upon  
the Profound Change in Public  
Spirit Toward Wealth

That we are largely governed by headlines is true and deplorable. Probably a hundred persons carried away the idea that FERRERO was treating ROOSEVELT as a menace, where five persons would have read the article carefully enough to see that he was treating him as a man singularly well-equipped to meet the situation.

#### ADMIRABLE PROGRESS

SAVINGS-BANK INSURANCE is becoming steadily more popular. The City Savings Bank of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has just voted to establish an insurance department, and another large bank in Massachusetts has the matter under active consideration. This new interest on the part of the banks is due in large part to the rather extraordinary influence which the establishment of insurance departments has had in increasing the deposit accounts. Out of 144 banks with deposits of over \$1,000,000, the two country banks which have savings-bank insurance, the People's of Brockton and the Whitman Bank, lead all in the rate of increase, and this fact is making a profound impression.

#### STRIKING WAITERS

FEW CLASSES of men have more cause for dissatisfaction than hotel waiters. The relation between the waiters, on the one hand, and the head waiter, representing the proprietor, on the other, are so close that the division between the hotels where they are satisfied and those where they are not is largely a matter of personality. Their hours are nearly always too long. Charges for breakage and fines for talking and other offenses are often enforced unreasonably. The conditions under which they work are usually very unfavorable. If the guests knew what was going on they would be able to realize better that it is difficult to injure one part of humanity without injuring the rest. For instance if they knew what kind of places the coats of the waiters were kept in they would feel less comfortable about the meals they were eating. An illustration of the difference between one head waiter and another may be found in the matter of food which is unfinished. The proprietor, of course, gets his pay for every dish that goes up to the dining room. Some head waiters refuse to allow any of what is left over to be eaten by the waiters, preferring to force them to allow this food to be sheer waste. Others treat them as human beings, with families and hunger, and are glad to diminish the waste, and increase the return, small enough at best, which the waiters get from their work.

#### THE PREFERENTIAL SHOP

MANY INQUIRE whether the preferential union shop, about which we have shown much enthusiasm, is a practical success. That it is not only a genuine creative idea but is proving its immediate practical value can be seen by anyone who chooses to procure and read the authoritative report upon it in the recent Bulletin No. 98 of the United States Bureau of Labor. The open shop has been used by employers to force down standards. The closed shop excludes too much. The preferential union shop avoids the evils of both and combines the advantages of both. Those who read this paper know its principal attributes. Investigators need not take our word for it. They will do well to study this bulletin.

#### MOTORS AND GRADE CROSSINGS

THE ABANDONMENT this year of grade-crossing elimination work in New York State because of Governor Dix's veto of a legislative appropriation of \$700,000 to pay the State's proportion has caused great disappointment to automobilists. The greatest of all dangers that automobile travelers have to contend with is the grade crossing. Had Governor Dix approved the appropriation, \$2,800,000 would have been expended this year in wiping out these traps, as for every dollar the State was to pay the railroads were to pay two, and the municipality in which a crossing was to be changed from grade was to pay still another. The Public-Service Commissions had planned to eliminate a large number of exceedingly dangerous crossings on Long Island, and upward of fifty up the State. The work on all of these will now have to be abandoned or delayed for a year at least. Had there been aggressive action by automobile associations before the Legislature, and right up to the day the Governor acted on the bill, there would probably have been favorable action instead of what has happened. In January of this year the Touring Club of America announced that it would undertake an aggressive legislative campaign, and the Board of Governors recommended that the Legislature appropriate one million dollars, which would insure work to the amount of four millions this year, the State paying one-fourth of the cost of the work. The National Highways Protective Association published details of accidents in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and announced that it, too, was soon to begin a crusade to abolish all grade crossings, especially in this State. Its record showed 46 men, 13 women, and 9 children killed, 61 men and 6 women seriously injured, 22 horses killed, 32 horse-drawn vehicles demolished, and 14 automobiles wrecked in seven months. The Automobile Club of America and the New York State Automobile Association also showed anxiety for the furtherance of this work; but not one of these associations urged the Legislature of New York to make large appropriations or asked the Governor to approve of those made.

#### FEAR OF "CHICKEN FEED"

THE WORLD IS SO FULL of a number of corns that any new step causes shrill outcries of warning. Who could have guessed a few weeks ago that the fat and jovial brewer and the long-faced, solemn deacon who passes 'round the contribution plate would be singing in the same chorus of protest against a bill by Representative BULKLEY of Cleveland for more small coins—the one "victim" fearful of three-cent beer or the necessity for collars of foam half as deep as the glass, the other crying woefully that Sunday morning contributions would be reduced from nickels to three-cent pieces in the church auditorium and from "pennies" to Columbian ha'pence in the Sunday school. Personally, the prospect in general fills us with glee; and with what we save on other expenses we feel we might be tempted to lavish two threes on the plate instead of the conventional five. We anticipate three-cent car fares (the Hon. BULKLEY nobly justifies the trust reposed in him by Ohio strap hangers) and joyfully predict the arrival of three-cent loaves of bread, cheaper telephone calls, and a fifty per cent reduction in the price of slot-machine chocolate wafers. Only think of what the half-cent piece will mean to the shopgirl—nothing less important than cheaper chewing gum! Parents may find comfort in the reflection that the cry of the children some day can be stilled with a coin of smaller denomination than the cent. We will be able to read twice as many newspapers and not spend an extra fraction of a mill. Also, on account of the high cost of pulp, a downward revision in the number of pages in a Sunday edition may be hoped for when the news-stand price falls. A great variety of merchandise has been vended at a nickel that might sell profitably enough at three cents. That is part of the secret of how the owner of a string of five- and ten-cent stores can produce the money to build the world's tallest skyscraper. He recognized fractions of a nickel, as do the push-cart merchants in New York's East Side or Chicago's Ghetto, and economical consumers nobly responded. Bring on the ha'pence and the threes—the nation in general and possibly even a few of the public-service corporations will thrive on the shock!



# In the Pit

*The Five-Hundred-Mile Indianapolis Automobile Race as Seen from an Inside Vantage Point in the Company of Repair Men and Strategists*

By GELETT BURGESS

ON DECORATION DAY at the Speedway, in Indianapolis, 80,000 people watched the 500-mile race for motor cars run under almost ideal conditions. In speed, endurance, interest, and freedom from accidents, it was undoubtedly the greatest event ever run by racing machines. It was free for all cars over 2,000 pounds in weight and less than 600 cubic inches in cylinder displacement. It was won by Joe Dawson, driving a car entered by the National Motor Vehicle Company, in 6 hours 21 minutes and 6 seconds—his speed over the course averaging 78.72 miles an hour, breaking the record for the distance.

What won the race—the driver or the car? One cannot answer it merely by saying that both machine and man are responsible for the victory. The science of motor racing has gone beyond that. A new element has entered—the team manager.

This system of directing a race from the pit has been developed from such race courses as the Indianapolis Speedway, an oval track where the cars pass the headquarters of the racers every two and a half miles. The cars are thus under almost constant supervision, either from the pit itself or from an observer on the "back stretch." Information as to a car's place in the race and orders from his team manager may thus be given to the driver continually during his run. This method has given rise to an ever-increasing efficiency due both to a division of labor and to logical generalship.

The driver of a single competing car, of course, usually runs his race according to his own judgment, depending upon his pit only for information with regard to his speed and place. But the driver of a car in a team entry is only one part of a system. Much, naturally, must be left to his own discretion; he must not only know the track, but know his car and how to drive it for all it is worth. Forcing his machine and coaxing it or sparing it, with physical power to stand the strain, and cool, quick wits in the most desperate of contests, his work is not only strenuous but strategic. Back of him, however, unnoticed by the spectators, is the team manager, playing his cars as a general plays the center and wings of his army. So it is and must be in every form of scientific sport.

## THE MEN IN THE PITS

FROM the grand stand many see the driver merely as a daring, palestric hero. More, perhaps, having motor cars of their own, have an equal interest in the car itself; they are motor-wise; they can see the fine points.

How does he take the curves? How quickly does he change his tires? Is it an antiquated car, or of modern construction? The motor "fan" can tell. But, though many watch, only a few really see the race from the inside. These are the men in the pits—the men with tools and stop watches and blackboards. In the pit is a council of war, constantly sending orders to the front. Each little army has its plan of campaign before it goes

into action; but that program must be constantly modified by the turn of events.

And so, that this secret part of the game may be seen, come to a pit and watch and listen. It is the "National" pit, for, by sheer good luck, we have picked the winning team, one of the two contesting in the 500-mile sweepstakes, all the other cars being separate entries. Johnnie Aitken, long and lank, quick of eye and brain—yes, and lip, too—is in command. On any other day Johnnie will keep you laughing your head off at his nimble, slangy humor. To-day you get scant attention, and must keep to one side, for the battle is on.

## THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

HERE, then, is the "dope" on the race. We have only five competitors whom we consider dangerous. First, the Stutz team of two cars, driven by Anderson and Zengel. The Stutz is a popular car to-day, for Indianapolis is its home town, but we feel we can beat it.

The big Fiat we are more afraid of. It is an old car (racers are old at three years), built high, with a chain drive. Tetzlaff, however, is a road king and will make the car go as long as she holds together. Will she last?

Then there's Ralph De Palma, a demon for endurance, one of the most desperate drivers ever, popular as Christy Mathewson, and with a Mercedes mount to boot. You can't hit a Mercedes anywhere without

touching a part that's been filed and fiddled and punched full of holes till it is nothing but pure science and economy of material. She has a low center of gravity, and there's a lot of know-how back of her; she's hard to beat. Ralph has been abroad with her and has brought her back with the latest improvements. The Cutting car, the biggest in the race as to piston displacement, will be easier—perhaps. Bob Burman is a "gentleman driver," like Bruce-Brown of the Nationals—he "doped" out his car himself and he delights the grand stand. "Wild Bob" is a many-times winner, but—well, let him try it!

Then there is the Mercer entry, with Hughie Hughes up. A right little, tight little car, the Mercer. Everybody's afraid of her. She's as pretty as a yellow canary bird, and she sings as sweet—that low, smooth hum that gives you confidence in her engines. Hughie has just brought her back from England with wire wheels, and, believe me, every manufacturer's going to watch 'em. She has a counterbalanced shaft and light reciprocating parts, and she ought to travel. She's the talk of the town so far. Hughie is a good driver—he'll keep her moving; he's a sly mechanic to boot.

There's the enemy: here's the plan of campaign in the pit: Everybody's expecting the National to play Bruce-Brown as at Santa Monica—send him ahead like a demon without mercy on his car, teasing the leaders into breaking down their own machines and then putting the other two cars forward to win through a demoral-

ized flock. That's what they all expect, but it's to be different this time. Bruce-Brown in No. 29 will try to break into first place at 87 miles an hour and steal three laps. Then he'll settle down to the pace of his follower and keep his position. See? B. B. is to be played to win. "Cocky" Wilcox, in No. 9, will start at an 83-mile clip, and Joe Dawson, in the little No. 8, a stock car, will follow on at about 80 miles an hour, saving his machine for any possible chance he may get. Every man understands the plan, and also that it may be changed at a minute's notice. He must watch the pit for orders, and keep watch on the bulletin board on the back stretch.

The cars are in the pink of condition. They have



Joe Dawson in the winning National getting the finish flag

been tested and tightened and tuned for months. Each one was sent out on the track first with instructions to break it to pieces if possible. It was driven to its limit, then brought back and put on the operating table and dissected to find its weakest part. Pistons, shafts, and gears and bearings were examined, altered, or replaced, if necessary. Then the car was balanced. Which tire wears out first? The right front? Shift the engine or the gasoline tank and try her out again on the track. The left rear? Arrange the weights so that all treads show equal wear, if possible. The wheels themselves must be balanced so that they will revolve without coming to rest at any one spot. Wire a piece of lead on this spoke and tape it. There! For the Speedway is paved with brick, and, though the fastest course in the United States, it is fierce on the cars. The incessant vibration, unnoticeable at a moderate speed, is terrific at a fast gait, and steel crystallizes wickedly. Different sized springs must be tried on the car—all sorts of new inventions must be tested. A thousand things to be prepared and done—but, thank heavens, it's all over. We are all ready for the war to begin.

It is 9.30 A. M. at the Speedway, fair and cool. Since 5.30 crowds have been arriving in trains and in ten thousand automobiles. Every grand stand is filled, even to the little new one, with sixteen railroad presidents in it. The touring cars are parked all around the track, all over the infield. It is a smart crowd, too, mind you! The cheapest admission gate is a dollar—for the best places two dollars, plus the price of the seats, which runs up to seven dollars each. Smart are the gowns; real are the diamonds and the lace. In man's attire fancy plaids predominate. There are four or five bands playing "Everybody's Doing It." Three balloons are filling, ready to ascend. Here's an ambulance corps, one of six, each complete with blond Red Cross nurses. There's a squad of the National Guard. Wig-wagging atop the directors' stand are men signaling all over the place. Judges and umpires and technical committees everywhere—telephones to all parts of the course. Bulletin boards, garages, and wonderful to relate, lunch counters with printed lists of prices: "Don't be Overcharged!" In the paddock inclosure are two hundred and fifty bona fide newspaper men asking questions. Photographers everywhere. Six thousand applicants have been refused passes. BANG! there goes the gun to get into position. All ready for the line-up!

In ranks of five abreast the cars are arranged. A gray roadster, just in front of the first row, stands ready like a captain to lead the procession, and bring it round the track to the flying start at sixty miles an hour. The manager of each entry gives his last hurried words of instruction—"Bang! Crank your engine! In an instant there are twenty-four vomits of smoke uniting in one great cloud, and a rattle like two dozen barrels of blazing firecrackers. Hop into your car, mechanics; in one minute the race will start! Bang! They're off, Carl Fisher, the owner of the Speedway, leading in his roadster, which no car must pass till after the trip round the course. Faster and faster! They have crossed the wire!

It's a fair start and the race is on. We can see them



Joe Dawson after the race:  
"Gee, I'm hungry"

swing into the first curve, and, just before they go out of sight, positions begin to change. The procession stretches out. The grand stand rustles with talk. In the pit we wait and crane our necks, looking up the straightaway stretch to see them come. Here they are upon us already with a roar, No. 1, a Stutz car, leading. Well, she was in the front rank, and should hold her place a while. No one has really begun to hurry. Each is waiting to find a good hole in the bunch to shoot through. Wait till the second round. On the third trip De Palma gets the lead, and it is plain he intends to keep it. Our stop watches mark his next lap 1.49. That means 82½ miles an hour. He must be in earnest.

#### DOWN TO THE GRIND OF THE RACE

BY THE time the string has tailed out so that a car is lapped, Bruce-Brown has forced his way ahead to third place, fighting Wishart in the other Mercedes, a 1912 model; he is driving on his own account. The Fiat car is just behind him. The National car is evidently worrying them both. Bruce-Brown is doing the lap in 1.48.

The string now tears by for a dozen or so rounds in this order: Mercedes (De Palma), Mercedes (Wishart), National (Bruce-Brown), Fiat (Tetzlaff), Knox (Mulford), National (Wilcox), the last two changing places at times. No. 5, a Case car, a three-ton affair, has already come in to change a tire. How that hot rubber smells! She is a queer-looking beast, something like a whale, more like a tumble-bug, with her curves and her patterned radiator. A month ago she was queerer still, with a tail behind, her body designed by Hiram Maxim, with a "perfect stream line" form. Everything was done by scientific theories in her designing, but she is too heavy and they have already chopped off several hundred pounds of superfluous weight.

But where's Cocky Wilcox in No. 9? Anxiously we strain our eyes! He should be passing by this time. There he is, up the stretch, but, to our horror, turning in toward the pits. In an instant everyone is excited, desperate. Is it a tire or engine trouble? He slows



Teddy Tetzlaff in the Fiat after finishing second

Palma goes round and round the track, but Wishart's car is groaning. If she'd only "go out"!

"It's the exhaust valve of this cylinder!" cries Cocky, and he rushes for a valve lifter. We've got to put in a new valve, no matter how long it takes. "Try a file on that!" yells Johnnie. More red devils pass, grinning at us, the crew of the Simplex car, a symphony in carmine, and, "For God's sake, where's the key

to this valve? Who's got a knife?" The technical committee, Mr. Edwards, is watching to see that no one but the driver or the mechanic does work on the car. The two pitmen now outside can only advise and hand them the tools. They all seem so cool and slow—horribly slow!—but there's no use getting flustered. That will only "gum everything up." There's one comfort, Bruce-Brown has now forged ahead to second place.

"Put it on the outside!" yells Red. "Come on, now!" Bob Burman, in a plumed helmet, flashes by in his big Cutting, with a fish tail, and disks on his rear wheels. Those disks were once on his and on other front wheels also, and were intended to decrease the wind resistance, but they only increased it instead, acting like aeroplanes, wedging the air so that it was too hard work steering.

The valve is out at last—no wonder poor "Red" sweated at the crank trying to turn the engine over. It is warped and jammed. In goes another. Word comes that No. 24 is out of the race. Why? Nobody knows.

She is the Opel car, a German make. Fast and light she is, but too far from home. It's the factory organization behind a car that counts in a long race. Extra men, extra parts, money, tools, time, and trouble to spend.

Already our plan of campaign has changed. With No. 9 losing so much time, Joe Dawson in No. 8, our baby, has long ago been signaled to "beat it." The man at the telephone on the back stretch has put up the news on the bulletin board for him, and Joe reads it as he tears past. There's small chance for Cocky in No. 9 as he pulls out, a forlorn hope with a grin on him. His engine is working well enough and he's a good gambler. But there's no use breaking his neck and working his car too hard now.

Look! There's a strap in the track. Edwards brings it to the pits. A strap? No! Johnnie Aitken, at a glance, recognizes it as the padding to the tank of the Opel car. His eyes are like telescopes. He can see all four tires on a car whizzing past at eighty miles an hour and tell how long they will last. Usually they are good for ten laps after the tread is worn down to the fabric. Well, any good pitman ought to be able to see as much. With his eyes shut, too, he should be able to tell what car is passing. The Lozier's war cry is harsh and splitting, crackling wickedly. The Mercedes makes a ferocious roaring bark, the Mercer is a hard, even, low rumble. By the way, how about the Mercer, the favorite of yesterday's betting? She's dropping back in the line, isn't she? Yes, and here she comes now—flap, flap, flap!—with the mechanic holding his left arm upright and pointing with his right hand to the rear tire. The tread is half off, whipping the ground like a flail.

De Palma, too, comes in at last. How we have longed for him to get into trouble! In thirty-two seconds he's off with a new shoe. Without doubt the Mercedes has the fastest, snappiest pit work—one little Michelin man

(Continued on page 26)

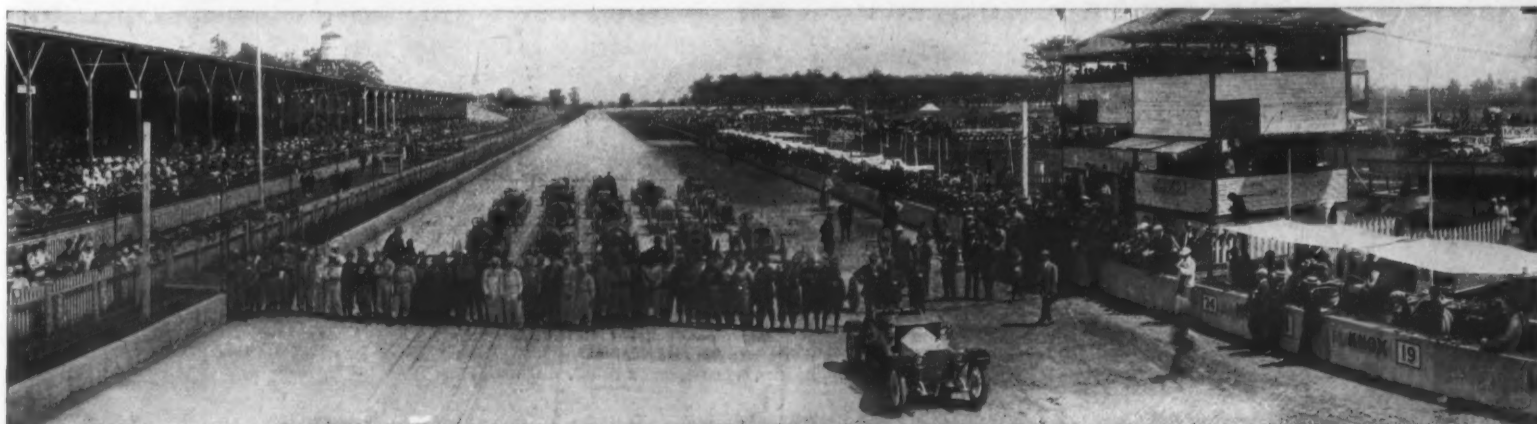


A game loser—Ralph De Palma pushing in his Mercedes after leading for 497 miles

down at the pit, shaking his head and scowling. There is a horrible pungent smell of scorching rubber from the hot tires. Cocky hops out; up goes the hood. What's the matter? Alas, Cocky doesn't know.

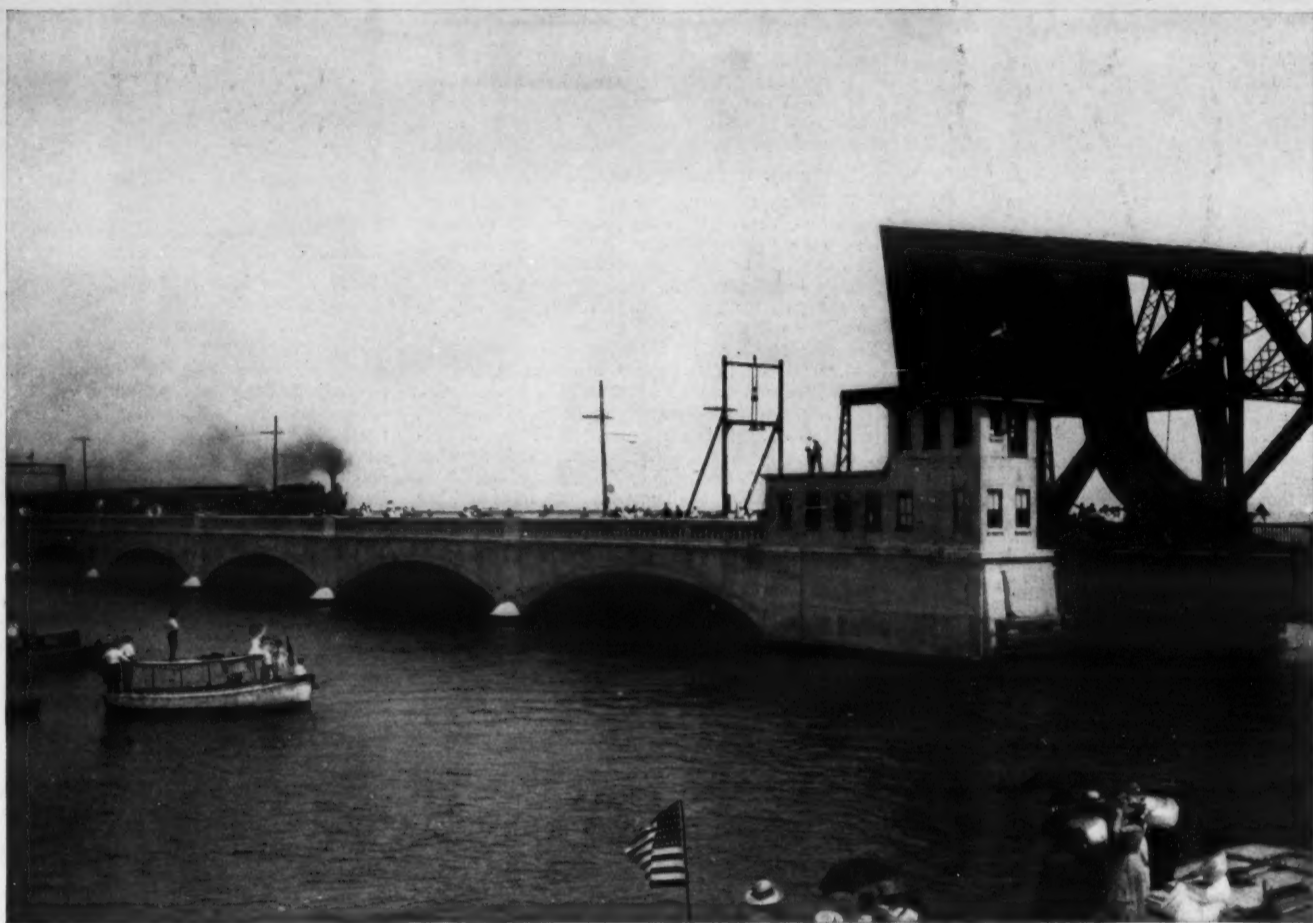
#### NEW STRATEGY FOR A CHANGING BATTLE

THEN for a heartbreaking twenty minutes driver and mechanic and manager and helper (bright little "Red" Lime greedy for work) explore the engine. It has been missing, and nobody knows why. The consultation seems interminable. A quick tire change and get-away by De Palma at the next pit makes our delay seem the longer. Incessantly, like fiery arrows, the cars shoot by. There goes the Mercer, a shaft of yellow with her wire wheels—the chocolate-colored Lexington—the dark red Firestone-Columbus, driver and mechanic in bright red uniforms—a thing with a long tail like a shark, with men in white, hooded with sand veils. The white White darts past, with her rocket-shaped stern. She has six cylinders cast en bloc! De



The line-up just before the race showing crews and cars, and, in front, the pace-making car which showed the way once around the course for the flying start

June 15



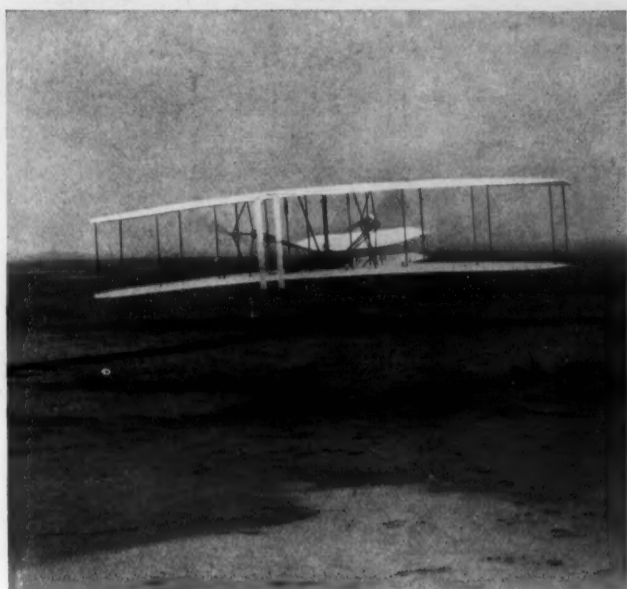
**The Galveston Causeway**

*The new causeway, connecting the city of Galveston with the mainland, was opened for traffic on May 25. It is the second structure of its kind in the world, ranking next to the Flagler railroad bridge on the Florida Keys. It has been two and a half years in building and has cost \$2,000,000. It accommodates passenger and freight trains, electric cars, automobiles, wagons, and pedestrians. It rests upon thirty piers and has in the center a lift bridge of one hundred foot span for allowing the passage of vessels.*



**Turkish Prisoners of War**

*Turkish prisoners from the islands of Rhodes and Stampalia leaving the railroad station at Caserta in Italy. The islands of Cos and Chios have also been attacked. The Turkish Government has retaliated for this move by ordering the expulsion of all Italians residing in Turkish possessions. The only people excepted are widows, orphans, and artisans. A fund is being collected for the refugees.*



*Wilbur Wright making the first flight ever made*



*When Wilbur Wright taught Europe to fly*

# Wilbur Wright, the Man who Made Flying Possible

By HENRY WOODHOUSE

**W**ILBUR WRIGHT, the first man to make a flight in a self-propelled heavier-than-air machine, and the father of aviation, died on May 30 at his home in Dayton, Ohio, after four weeks of illness. Thus passes one of the most remarkable men of our era, a man who in a decade rose from the ranks of the unknown to a place among the greatest of great men, and by giving humanity wings, thus realizing a dream which had tantalized the race perhaps since the very birth of intellect, earned for himself a place with the great master builders of civilization—with Watt, Stephenson, Morse, Edison, and Bell.

As the story of the achievement runs, Wilbur Wright and his brother, Orville Wright, two men of remarkable characteristics, sons of the Rev. Milton Wright, were presented in their boyhood, thirty-odd years ago, with a toy helicopter, a butterfly-shaped contrivance, consisting of paper wings fitted with a tin propeller, which, when made to revolve by twisted rubber, caused the toy to shoot forward through the air. That toy fired their imagination, and they saw it, in magnified form, capable of carrying a man.

Their attempt to fly large helicopters constructed on the idea of the toy did not bring practical results, and until 1896 they did not give the matter of artificial flight more than passing attention. In the summer of that year, however, the news of the accident and death of Otto Lilienthal, the German champion of gliding flight, stirred them to action, and they set themselves to study aerodynamics and the works of Lilienthal, Mouillard, Chanute, Maxim, and Langley, the most prominent experimenters at that time.

Their experiments with a glider began in the fall of 1900 at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. There, on the barren sand dunes of North Carolina, these two intrepid investigators took the theories and tried them one by one—only to find, after two years of



*Wilbur Wright, born April 16, 1867 — died May 30, 1912*

hard, discouraging work, that all were based more or less on guesswork. Thereupon they cast aside the theories and patiently put the apparatus through a thousand gliding tests, ever changing, adding, modifying—setting down the results after each glide, comparing and changing again and again, advancing inch by inch, until they had, at last, developed a glider wonderfully exact, which, when fitted with a light motor, also invented by them, made initial flights on December 17, 1903, of from twelve to fifty-nine seconds' duration. That was the birth of the aeroplane, the flimsy, iconoclastic thing which evades Newton's laws, eliminates frontiers, and promises to expand civilization as much as have the steamship, the railway, and electricity.

In 1908 the brothers set forth to conquer the world, Wilbur going to Europe, Orville remaining in America. The world was astonished at the wonder of their invention, and they were feted by nations, honored by crowned heads and representative scientific bodies, and acclaimed by wildly enthusiastic crowds. Their machines were acquired forthwith for use in the armies of different nations, and there sprang up an army of aviators.

Of late years the interests which have been making capital out of the developments of inventors and professionals who followed the Wrights rose to contest, or refused to acknowledge, the full extent of the value of the contribution of the Wrights, and the brothers, especially Wilbur, with uncompromising tenacity, put up a fight in different countries to establish their rights.

Some of these suits were nearing their conclusion when Wilbur died. It is significant that the report of his death removed all prejudices, and in Europe the press and the authorities frankly admitted the mistake and joined in acknowledging that "there were no real flights in Europe until Wright came with a machine entirely the product of his own brain."



# The

# Bainsbury Divorce

As Related by the Wife

Part II

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

**W**ELL, Jim never said a word of Denver, or of moving us off the peak. He was in Denver more than half the time himself, between the business end of the mine and the litigation that began just as soon as we made the strike, as it always does. And down there he was living at the Brown Palace, while we were up in the cabin. And he would go on to New York from Denver without ever telling me he was going.

I waited and waited till one day the children came running in and told me that papa had set the men to dig the cellar for our new house, over by the Little Benny. Jim had just come in from Denver that morning and I had scarcely seen him. I sent the children back to tell him to come to the cabin; that I wanted to see him.

When he came in I said: "Jim, what are you doing over there? Are you starting to build a new house up here?"

"Why, of course," said he, just as though no other plan could possibly be imagined. "We can't go on living in this cabin. Don't you want a decent house to live in?"

"No, I don't," said I; "not up here. When are we going to move to Denver?"

"Move to Denver!" said he, as if I had said some foolish thing. "We aren't going to move to Denver. Why should we?"

"Jim Bainsbury," said I, "do you mean to tell me you are going to keep us up here on this mountain now that we've struck it?"

**T**HEN Jim began to shout at me, as he always did if I showed the slightest opposition.

"Why, of course I am," he yelled. "Ain't the mine here? A man wants his home where his business is, don't he?"

"Jim Bainsbury," said I, "you know you are in Denver as much as you are here."

"Well, I don't care if I am," said he; "you shut your mouth and mind your own business."

Then he strode off.

I was filled with an ungovernable rage. It came on me as if I were possessed. The utter injustice of the thing made me feel as though I should go insane. And accompanying it was that feeling of deadly helplessness, because I couldn't talk up to Jim; I never could. The four children were hanging around, and the minute he was out of sight I sent Benny, the oldest, for two horses out of the mine stable. I took the baby, who was then eight years old, up in front of me, and the other three got up in a row on the other, and we started away down the mountain, forever, as it proved. I never saw the old hill again. I left all our clothes behind; but I took my money and my bankbook. I had a few hundreds on it in my own name.

When Jim came home he found the house empty, and went over to the boarding house to eat dinner. That evening he followed me down to my uncle's.

**H**E CAME in very blustery, and began to swear the minute he got in the room. But I didn't see him. I never saw him again till we were in the Denver house. My aunt extended the courtesies when he came. The great point with my aunt was that she wasn't afraid of any human being. And she had a tongue like a combined razor and automobile when she let it go. Jim was a great man to swear and talk loud and harsh. But he was slow and heavy. For quick action and staying power he wasn't in it with my aunt.

He got a laying out that day that made his hair curl, and then she turned him out of the house. I heard it. Oh, it was lovely. My aunt is a wonder to me. She can tell a person the most awful truths about himself, without the least excitement or anger, and maybe the next minute she will be brushing off his coat or giving him medicine for a sore throat, or something like that; while my way is to bear and bear in silence, and if I ever once get mad enough to say those terrible things, I never want to touch or see the person again.

From that day on my aunt talked to everybody that

came in the house; and she was such a cold, convincing, unexcited speaker that pretty soon Jim began to hear all over town that he was so mean that now he had struck it rich he wouldn't let his wife go to Denver. That was the sort of thing that killed Jim, for it made people laugh at him.

**S**O AFTER a while Jim came back, mighty mild and meek for him. I heard all she said through the stovepipe hole into my room. It was better than a play.

"So, Jim," said my aunt, "you're willing to keep a civil tongue in your head and talk business now, are you? Well, now, I'll tell you some things that it'll be for the good of your soul to know. First, that girl upstairs there was earning fourteen dollars a week when you married her. She didn't need any man to support her, and she wasn't tagging around after you or any man to marry her. You know that, for 'tis well I remember how the kid came running to me the first day you ever saw her, because you tried to be too familiar with her. And I'll tell that around the town, too, if you like."

"You old—" began Jim.

"There, there, don't say it, Jim Bainsbury," said she. "I've been married thirty-seven years and never allowed my husband to call me out of my name, and I'll not begin with you. I didn't ask you to come to my house, and now you're here you'll keep a civil tongue or I'll call the police. Just remember I'm not your wife."

"I wonder at you, Jim," she went on, in that calm, pacific voice. "I do, indeed. Why, everybody that strikes it moves to Denver to live, and in a year or two you'd be wanting to move down there yourself. But just because 'tis Connie that wants it you've set yourself against it like the goat you are. Now let me tell you one thing. That girl upstairs there will never go back on the hill to live. That's settled, and you may as well get used to it, for it doesn't make any difference whether you like it or not. Fifteen years she's worked and toiled up there, and there's not a man ever worked on Fairview that won't say a good word for her. Her life's an open book. The whole of Leadville knows what she's done, and that after fifteen years of it you're too stingy to let her off the hill."

"Now if you'll give her the money to go to Denver, all right. If she'd been working for herself all these years, she'd have had money enough to go herself. But if you won't give it to her, she'll go anyway. She can take a boarding house and run it, or even a hotel. Maybe she and I will take one together. I've had about enough of Leadville. I'd like to get down where me lungs would contract a little. She can keep herself and her children, and have them in school."

"The law would give the children to me," said Jim.

"No, it wouldn't, Jim. The law makes fathers and mothers equal legal guardians of their own children in this State. The women of Colorado have the vote, praise be, and that's the first law they got through after they got it."

And if we went into court and showed that there's not a school on the hill, and that those children have never had any schooling, and that their father is a rich man and too stingy to let them live where they can get an education, what do you think the court would say? And what d'ye think the papers would say?"

"Good God! You wouldn't go to the papers, would you?" said Jim.

"I'll go to every paper in Denver and Leadville, and give interviews to them all. Indeed, that little reporter boy from the 'Herald' was up here snooping around yesterday. I put him off, but I'll not do it again."

Well, all about it was that without even coming near us again Jim went off to Denver and bought a house on Capitol Hill, and sent word to me that I was to go down and furnish the house and move in. And he never got back till we were all settled in the new place.

But I think Jim hated me from that day. I had beaten him, and he couldn't forget it. For two or three years things went on without any trouble, but that was because there was no way he could make trouble.

**M**Y FIRST business after I got to Denver was to settle the children in school. But I found that they did not fit exactly into the grades where their age and size would naturally place them. So I got a governess to come four hours a day and coach them for their proper grades, and I took their lessons right along with them. I worked hardest on spelling of anything, for I never could spell. But I studied history and geography and all kinds of things. Then I took in all kinds of lectures and concerts, and I joined the woman's club and sat through meeting after meeting and paper after paper, trying to make out what it was all about. Then I would go home and ask the governess to explain. I shall always feel grateful to that woman. She never smiled, no matter what I asked. One morning I asked her to tell me all about art. I found the women at the club seemed to think a great deal about art. Another day I asked her to please explain literature.

I used to make a list of the strange things I heard about dur-



He would behave so rudely to them that I had to give it up

ing the day to ask her about. I came across one of those old lists the other day. It ran: "Oversoul"; "diminished seventh"; "Emerson"; "pre-Raphaelites"; "culturine"; "fin de siècle"; "modernity"; "vertical writing"; "high handshake"; "high-brow." So you can see that many things were puzzling me. I was absorbing my new culture in chunks, as it were. I felt all mixed up inside. But I was not stupid. I was merely ignorant. I knew I was due to make a laughing stock of myself, and I kept very quiet and attracted no attention.

While this process of assimilation was going on for two or three years I had no open trouble with Jim. I think now if he had known what the governess meant to me he would have sent her away. But I never said anything to him about my studies. I did at first, but he only laughed and said some sneering thing, so I said no more. He was away a great deal, and when he was in Denver he rarely spent an evening at home. But suddenly I swept out into the full light of publicity, as it were. It was this way.

They were always having little entertainments of one kind or another at the club—Christmas trees for children of the members or for poor children; luncheons for distinguished guests, or evening receptions to which the husbands were invited. They got in the way of putting me in charge of these affairs. They never asked me to read a paper or get up a literary program, but they would ask me to take charge of the refreshments and the social and financial end of the thing. Finally they bought land and put up a new clubhouse. There were a thousand women in the club, drawn from among the most influential families in the city. Their interest in the clubhouse was intense, and affected their friends and relatives, so that many thousands of prominent persons in the city were interested in the enterprise. It was decided that the new building should be formally opened by a great fair to clear off the remaining debt. It was to be a huge affair, running a week, such as a competent amusement director would charge a high price for managing. I was dumfounded when the board of trustees voted to make me manager-in-chief of this fair.

**W**ELL, it was the biggest thing of its kind that ever came off in Denver. We cleared \$20,000. I devoted weeks to preparations; appointed scores of committees; arranged entertainments for each afternoon and evening; got up a kirmess; oversaw the erection of the carpenter work; sold concessions; planned every detail of the refreshment room, and canvassed the United States for available novelties and attractions.

It made a terrible sensation, and had an amazing and totally unexpected effect on my life. In the first place, it launched me in Denver society. It had brought me in intimate contact with a number of rich and prominent women. After the fair they called on me and invited me to their homes. I began to receive great numbers of invitations to luncheons, dinners, evening receptions, and even great balls. The papers had printed columns about the fair, and every column was full of Mrs. Bainsbury, and they used my picture and commented on my clothes and good looks.

The second result of the fair was that Jim was perfectly infuriated. He seemed to think the notice and attention I was receiving were a personal insult to him. He immediately began the strain that he has harped on ever since; that is, that it was he who had made all the money, and I that was getting all the glory of it. It doesn't seem possible, but Jim appeared to be jealous of me. I don't think it was really jealousy, but a kind of hurt to his self-love, to think nobody paid any attention to him, and that they were paying so much to me. Of course, miners that strike it rich and move down from the hills are quite an old story in Denver. One needs to have a little something else in order to catch on.

**J**IM ordered me never again to have anything to do with any public entertainment in Denver. He ordered me to refuse all invitations. I was forced to refuse those for evening affairs, anyway, because, though of course he was invited, he would not go to one of them. When he encountered any of my friends in the house he would barely respond to an introduction to them. Then he would not go away. He would sit down in the

room, without speaking, and just sit there. Of course they would go away as soon as they could. He sneered at every one of them and at me. "Society lady" was his chief taunt for me.

"Where would you have been with all your fine society folks if I hadn't married you?" he would say; "working in their kitchen, most likely."

"I'm responsible for all this," he said one day, when he found some invitations on the hall table where the postman had left them.

"I made the money to buy this house and make you a fine society lady, and now you get all the benefit of it. What benefit do I get out of it, slaving at the mine all the time, and not even a home any more?"

"Jim," said I desperately, "what's the matter with your home? Isn't it comfortable? Look at that." And

longer made or washed their clothes or cooked their food. Why should I? Jim did not shovel the paths when it snowed, or drive his own automobile, or black his own boots. He lived just as luxuriously as I did, despite the fact that he sneered because I was "too good" to cook or do housework any more. Nor did he handle the pick and drill any more, as he once had. He managed the mine, as I managed the house and the bringing up of the children.

"My mother never belonged to women's clubs," he would say. "My mother never went to balls and parties. She found her happiness in her home and her children."

Well, his mother was a poor, hard-working woman all her life. I suspect that she took such pleasures as her means permitted her to do, and that a quilting bee or a church social were just as wild dissipation for her as a card party or a matinee for me.

More than that, I had seen other men with their wives since I came to Denver. I had seen the interest they took in everything their wives did; and how their wives would sit down and tell them everything they had been doing the minute they got into the house. I had seen men taking their wives to dinners and evening parties. I had seen how nice some men could be to guests whom their wives were entertaining. I knew the feeling some wives had toward their husbands; a perfect trust and confidence such as children have for their parents. I even knew some men that kissed their wives every time they left the house or came back, although they had been married for years.

Those women lived exactly the sort of life which Jim had forbidden me to lead. That is, they had friends, and entertained them, and were entertained by them. I could not feel that I was unreasonable, according to the standards I saw around me. And I could not help feeling that Jim was.

The upshot was that I did not obey Jim. I said nothing at all to him, but just went on my own way. I accepted such invitations as I could return, and extended such hospitality as I was able to. But the thing would not work. If I went out, I had to entertain in return. I could get up the nicest little luncheons myself, or refreshments for an afternoon card party. But for a big affair I had to have a caterer.

The time came when I had to give a big afternoon reception to clear off my obligations. I went to a caterer, and had in his colored waiters.

**I** NEVER had any money. Jim paid the bills monthly. As I have said, he was not naturally stingy; and usually paid them without grumbling. But this caterer's bill showed him that I had been entertaining, and he came home storming.

I said nothing, as usual. When I needed the services of a caterer again I simply went for them. But the man told me that Mr. Bainsbury had told him never again to fill an order for our house which Mr. Bainsbury himself had not authorized. As I stood looking at him, aghast, he remarked in a disagreeable tone: "The same order has been sent to every caterer in town."

Another time the Children's Aid Society, which had been organized to help Judge Lindsey's work in the Juvenile Court, was going to give a fair to raise funds for the boys' summer camp. They begged and implored me to take charge of the fair. I was deeply interested in Lindsey's work, although that was long before he became famous. I steadfastly refused, on Jim's account, to take charge of the whole fair, but I consented to be chairman of the refreshment committee, a big job in itself.

**W**HEN Jim found this out, from the papers, he ordered me to resign. I made no reply, but I did not resign. The day the fair was to open he came into my room before I was up in the morning, yanked down every dress I had in the world from the clothes press, stuffed them all into two trunks before my face and eyes, and took them off to Leadville. He left me with nothing but a dressing gown. I had to send word that I was sick, and it was true. He kept me in my room for five days, with nothing to wear out of it.

He would not let my aunt in the house, and he would never let me go to Leadville to see her, not even to her funeral. And she died, and was buried; the best friend I had in the world, without my seeing her again.



*He left me with nothing but a dressing gown*

I threw open the dining-room door and showed him the table, set as pretty as could be, and all ready for him.

"Jim," said I, "what do you want to do with the money? If you don't want to use it to live in a nice way, how do you want to spend it? Is it my fault if people are nice to me? How does it hurt you if I go out a little and enjoy myself? Did you ever find this house out of order, or sit down to a bad meal in it?"

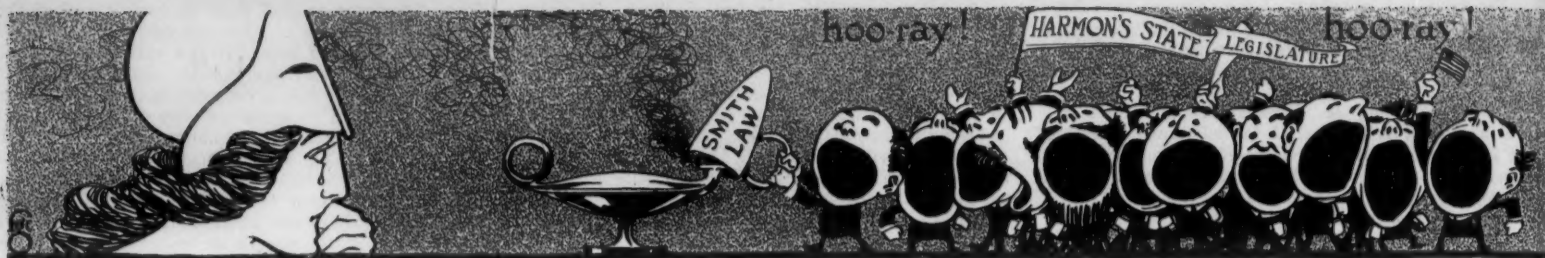
"Shut your lip, you—" said he, and called me a bad name. That was the way he always shut me off, and I was always so afraid he would do it before the children or the help that I hardly spoke to him except when we were alone.

Now when Jim began this new phase, demanding that I should give up everything outside the house, refuse all invitations and snub all my friends, I sat down one day and took stock of things, as it were. I had been married at sixteen, had lived nine years in the cabin and six at the mine. When I left Fairview my youngest child was eight years old, my oldest fourteen, and I was just under thirty-one. I then thought of myself as an old woman. It never occurred to me that I could be young and happy and have good times myself any more. My plans for the future were only for the children. For myself I asked only that I might have a little time to attend to the children, that I might live without a dishrag in my hands all the time, and that I might see a little of the world, and not be chained for life to the hills.

**B**UT four years in Denver had changed my ideas. I was now thirty-five. That long, thin figure of mine, all arms and legs, had filled out until it was simply magnificent. I had learned how to dress myself, how to take care of my hands and my hair; how to carry my clothes. I had found out that I was still young and good-looking, and that I could enjoy myself as well as I ever did. It was my frank, childish enjoyment of very simple social things, I think, that made people like me. I enjoyed every little ordinary party so much that blasé people liked to have me around. I was having all the good times I had missed as a girl.

I could not see for the life of me what hurt I did by having these good times. I never neglected my home. I know how to run a kitchen and a house. I knew Jim's tastes; I always catered to them. He always had everything about the house exactly as he wanted it.

My Benny was away at the Columbia School of Mines now, and my oldest girl was at a finishing school in the East. The two younger girls went to day school at Miss Wolcott's. I did not neglect them. I knew where they were and what they were doing at all times. I no



# A Premium on Tax Lying

Ohio Puts Her Best Foot Backward and Cripples Her School System

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

ONE year ago the General Assembly of Ohio constructed a sublime and impressive curiosity of legislation. The so-called "Smith Law" was passed on May 31, 1911, and two days later it was approved by the Governor of Ohio and went down on the statute books as law.

It provides, practically, that the tax rate in all the taxing districts of Ohio shall be one per cent flat on all kinds of property. I say "practically" it provides this, because under the Smith Law there are technical possibilities of advancing the rate as far as two per cent; but these are so remote and beset with extraordinary conditions and difficulties that they may be quite safely disregarded.

This hasn't a bad sound—maybe not even an interesting sound; but even at this early day, hardly a year since the law was approved, a list of its effects makes very profitable reading. Even though you may not live anywhere near Ohio, it is still profitable for reasons which will appear later.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS VIRTUALLY PENNILESS

RETURNS are already in from the first piece of general State-wide damage done by the Smith Law. It has crippled the public school system. The public schools of Ohio are virtually penniless.

The school boards of sixty Ohio cities, including Cincinnati, Dayton, Findlay, Lorain, Lima, Mansfield, Marion, Marietta, Springfield, Niles, Painesville, Xenia, and Youngstown report that their local income is reduced nearly one-fifth—about nineteen per cent.

Retrenchment is obviously the only policy. Accordingly eight of these cities have dropped special branches like kindergartens, music, drawing, writing, etc.

Eight more, in addition to dropping special subjects, have reduced the teaching force in the grade schools and high schools, thus increasing the number of pupils to be taken care of by the remaining teachers. One city has reduced the number of teachers from eighty-six to sixty-nine. Another has dismissed nearly one-fifth of its entire teaching force.

Seven have reduced the school year by from two weeks to one month.

Two have reduced salaries. One city has cut off \$50 a year apiece from 286 teachers. "Shocking!" you will say, as you realize that teachers are already among the poorest paid of the earth. Yes, it is shocking; but what can the school board do? Their only option is to close some of the schools. Indeed, certain small schools in one of the northern districts are reported as having closed already—in these cases the boards appear to have had no option at all.

One city has built a new high school and two grade schools and has no money to finish and equip them, so they are standing idle. Another has been forced to leave a magnificent high-school building half finished. Still another has thrown over the Carnegie Library, which has hitherto been supported out of the school fund.

I am aware that it is not particularly good journalism for me to refrain from naming these cities. I desire by all means, however, to keep attention fixed upon the State-wide calamity of the Smith Law, and not risk diverting any of it to the helpless and unfortunate local school authorities in these places. Tom L. Johnson once told Mr. Roosevelt: "The difference between us is that you are after the lawbreakers, while I am after the lawmakers." Let us keep our minds on the lawmakers—the Legislature that constructed and passed this bill and the Governor, Judson Harmon, who approved it.

## CLEVELAND DRAWS ON CONTINGENT FUND

THE fact that school conditions are even now no worse is due to a surprising number of school districts having, for one purpose or another, accumulated a surplus. Some were working toward a building fund; and to get through the current year these took advantage of the legal privilege of transferring such funds over to current expenses on an order from the court. Thus the progressive city of Cleveland draws heavily on its contingent fund in order to tide itself over. Alliance reduced its contingent fund by \$12,000 in order to

pay salaries. Steubenville, also having a surplus of \$23,000, could live awhile on its own fat. Springfield has been living on its surplus this year. A member of the Springfield school board told me that they were \$27,000 behind and had no idea what would become of them next year. His opinion of the Smith Law was as vigorous and convincing a piece of rhetoric as I ever heard.

I wish I might quote his precise language, but perhaps it would be a little unscrupulous to do so.

Cleveland is in hard straits. One of the Board of Education said to me frankly that they were facing an apparently insoluble problem. The cost of the Cleveland schools will increase next year by no less than \$150,000, and there is no way to meet it; for under the provisions of this truly remarkable statute there are two limitations on the amount of money that can be raised. Not only can no more be had than can be raised with a maximum levy of one per cent, but also no more can be had in 1912 than either was or might have been levied for in 1910, plus six per cent! Here is the text of the Smith Law:

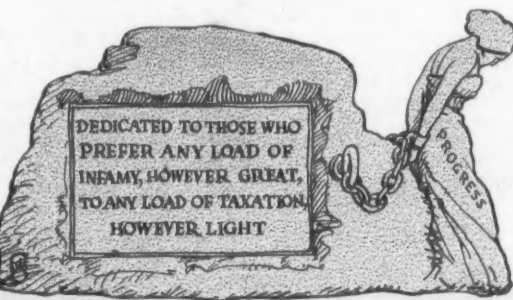
... the intent and purpose of this act being to provide the total amount of taxes which may be levied in the year 1911 or in any year thereafter, for all purposes, shall not exceed, in the aggregate, the total amount of taxes levied in the year 1910, plus six per cent thereof, for the year 1912, nine per cent for the year 1913, and twelve per cent thereof for any year thereafter; or such less amount as may be produced by the levy of a maximum rate of ten mills on each dollar, etc.

Now, however this might answer for rural districts and places where population is stationary, it certainly makes witch's work of financing rapidly growing cities like Cleveland. Cleveland's growth is so rapid that no doubt at this moment, by a conservative estimate, she needs twice as much new school space as her depleted building fund could possibly furnish. And the running expenses of her schools, as I just said, will be far more than the statutory six per cent ahead of what they were two years ago. It will be interesting to see what happens.

## CITIES ALSO WILL BE HIT

THE above, then, is a fairly liberal sample of general conditions in the Ohio schools in the early spring of 1912, after one year's operation under the egregious Smith Law. Perhaps by the time this article is in your hands these schools will have closed for the summer. There will be coal and other supplies to buy, repairs to make, growth to provide for—and the treasury will be empty. Unless the Smith Law is so substantially amended as to amount to a repeal, there seems no chance at all but that the whole public school system of Ohio will collapse.

But the schools are only the first to droop under the blighting breath of the Smith Law. The municipalities, the cities themselves, are beginning to arrange their budgets and compare them with the amount of resources available under this marvel of benighted reactionism. I could not find an official among all those I interrogated in five Ohio cities who forecast anything else but that the municipal governments themselves, in all their departments, would be as "short" after the first of January as the schools are now. There is no reasonable doubt of it.



Now for the history of the Smith Law. It is a grotesque and desperate expedient to enforce that hoary iniquity, the general property tax. Ohio has always believed in the principle of the general property tax, and always tried by every conceivable means to enforce an assessment of personal property. She has never succeeded—this is axiomatic. Nobody ever yet succeeded. It is a notorious fact that whoever has money enough or wit enough may freely evade the tax on personal property. Only the poor, the ignorant, the estates of widows, orphans, and imbeciles—and the conscientious—ever pay it. I have had quite a long familiarity with taxation in various parts of the world, and I never met but one man who really believed that personal property can be assessed. This is Judge Robert M. Dittey, president of the Ohio State Tax Commission. I do not want to be construed into any disrespect for Judge Dittey or his views. On the contrary, I have the greatest respect for him personally and for any honest, robust faith like his, by whomsoever held and however far I may, as a matter of opinion, dissent from it. I mention Judge Dittey only because it seems to me that among men of practical acquaintance with taxation he must stand nearly alone in his belief. There may be others, but I have never seen them.

## VAIN EFFORTS TO CATCH ELUSIVE PERSONALTY

OHIO has made raid after raid on personality, with never a show of success. She assessed credits—and credits faded away like the mists of morning. She assessed bank deposits—and of a sudden no one seemed to have any money. She assessed watches—and presently there seemed to be more watches in the very jewelers' windows than there were in the pockets of all Ohio. She prescribed the most dreadful penalties for perjured returns—but no one ever went to jail. She employed detectives on commission—"tax ferrets"—but the returns of personality only shrank the more. In short, more vigorously and persistently, probably, than any State in the Union, Ohio has tried every means available to the power of constitutional and statute law in order to assess personal property, and she has had no better success with one than another. Personality has been suppressed, sequestered, moved out of the State; all with perfect convenience to the owner, but the assessor had only laughter for his pains. The whole melancholy history of these attempts only enforces the moral that Ohio seems never willing to learn—tax nothing that can move, unless it is something that you particularly want to get rid of.

Meanwhile low assessed valuations, combined with the slowness in returns of personal property, resulted in a high local rate; and Ohio's large farming population has of late been grumbling at it.

## THE STRANGEST SUPERSTITION IN THE WORLD

FARMERS, as a rule, are generally friendly to the general property tax, because they think—Heaven knows why—that it really does tax the rich city man's personal property. This is one of the strangest superstitions in the world. It may arise out of the fact that a farmer's own personality is usually for the most part in tangible property—of a character, too, that can be rather easily appraised, such as live stock, farm implements, and the like. Knowing that an assessor can walk over his farm and get a pretty fair idea of what he has, he may think it is equally easy to get at and size up the city man's pile of intangibles—stocks, bonds, and the like. However, the fact is that the farmer is usually staunch for the general property tax—and cuts his own throat thereby unawares.

So, with the farmer's grumbling at the high rate and personality still fighting shy of the assessor, the Ohio Legislature seems to have said to itself: "Well, since we have a State full of liars, we may as well make the best of the situation. We have tried to drive personal property out into the open, tried to smoke it out and ferret it out. Now let's try to coax it out. If we put out a lure of a low flat rate on all forms of property, the big holders of intangibles may 'fall for it.' Either they will be magnanimous and tell the truth, or else they will deem it less bother to pay the low-rate tax on their personality than to dodge it."

# The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges

## IV.—Princeton

By OWEN JOHNSON

THE Princeton system of open clubs, taking their membership from the Junior and Senior classes, is to-day in its present evolutionary stage probably the fairest and most elastic among college systems. Potentially, in the possible developments which may result when outside influences and the right of inheritance passing from father to son shall have had time to effect what is now a young and untried system, the Princeton open club organization seems to me to be one of the greatest danger.

Princeton has lately suffered much from purely destructive and uninformed criticism that has not had the advantages of the comparative point of view. Let it be said at once whatever the potential dangers of the club system—and they are very grave—at the present day Princeton has a record of democratic reform superior to any other university. It is still free from narrowness and snobbery, while the general life is distinguished for its simplicity and democracy.

There has been much partisan exploitation of the dissensions which resulted from President Woodrow Wilson's proposal of the quadrangle system, its rejection and his subsequent opposition to the proposed graduate school. Much resulted from the conflict of uncompromising temperaments, but at bottom the difference was one of conflicting theories.

### WOODROW WILSON'S FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY

AT PRINCETON there were represented two schools, as indeed is true at every university, a rather elastic autocracy, self-convinced that the same laws that divide society in the outer world inevitably must form social divisions in college, and consequently believing in the right and even in the necessity of existence of a social system which to them was full of pleasant and valuable experience. On the other hand was an aggressive democracy that rejected this theory, insisted that the university should exist independently of worldly cleavages, preserve its social autonomy, by self-sufficient standards of unrestricted intercourse. The club system represented the first, Woodrow Wilson the second, while it is fair to add each side had its intolerance and its bigotry.

When President Wilson proposed his quadrangle system, he undoubtedly had it in mind as a substitute for the rapidly developing club system. His quadrangle plan would have organized the university into a number of quadrangles, practically into so many colleges on the English pattern, dividing the university perpendicularly instead of according to classes. Each quadrangle was to have its own dining hall. The effect of this radical plan would have been to abolish class lines by throwing upper and under classmen into inti-



The University Commons, where Freshman and Sophomore classes eat together

mate association, taking from the clubs their distinctive character of eating clubs and virtually nullifying this important distinction.

Unfortunately this scheme had one serious defect, which permitted the adherents of a social system to attack it without calling into question the whole theory of the club idea.

The quadrangle system as advocated ran contrary to the established American tradition of the autonomy of the class, which is the practical American basis of democratic association and mutual knowledge. By bringing their attack to play on this vulnerable opening the opponents of the scheme were able to defeat it, without being in the least forced to defend their own position.

What would have happened had the quadrangle plan been fashioned on the idea of four quadrangles, one for each class, still retaining the quadrangle dining hall, is a question of speculation.

### FOURTH OF EACH CLASS SOCIALLY MAROONED

AS A GENERAL comment on this much-discussed question it seems fair to say that President Wilson's undoubted militant democracy had the misfortune to propose what would have amounted to a surgical operation. The problem is too intricate everywhere, the susceptibilities and loyalties too keen to be dealt with in such fashion. The reforms that must come must be of natural evolution, back to the unrestricted simplicity from which the systems themselves have evolved. It is only by strengthening the esprit de corps of the college

as a democratic whole, by building up a higher loyalty, that the members of the social systems can gradually be brought to perceive the things that are of larger importance than the agreeable seclusion of their own sets.

The Princeton upper-class club system, like that at Harvard, is based on the principle of the home as a meeting place for meals three times a day. Unlike the Harvard system, which is social, secret, and exclusive, the clubs are open to all. Members visit one another freely and the outsider is welcomed, although in the practical working out a natural pride on the part of the neutral rather than any conscious snobbery on the part of the elect prevents much intercourse here. The fourteen clubs average fourteen to twenty men in a class, and take in from 70 to 75 per cent of the total membership. The most immediate problem to-day is to make some provision for the 25 per cent of the class that are socially marooned.

As an early lack of proper dormitories has fastened on college and university the fraternity system, from the natural desire of students to supply a pleasant substitute, so the Princeton eating club began from a similar deficiency. Probably, if thirty years ago the college had had in existence a dining hall capable of providing for the whole student body, Princeton to-day would be without an organized artificial system.

### THE BIRTH AND RISE OF THE CLUBS

ABOUT thirty years ago members of a private eating club determined to hand down their organization to the next class. A house was rented, then a clubhouse was acquired, and the Ivy Club at Princeton came unpretentiously into existence. A few years later the Cottage Club was formed, then Tiger Inn, Cap and Gown, and from that time, at the rate of one in two years, the system was added to until five years ago thirteen clubs were in existence. At that time President Woodrow Wilson refused any further charters. But as the development was manifestly beyond the faculty's discrimination, a fourteenth club was organized in defiance of this restriction. To-day Prospect Avenue is given over to these clubs which, in the natural competition for visual inducements, gradually have constructed more and more luxurious clubhouses—a process which will be seen likewise in the Sheffield department of Yale University. Up to now this system has been exceedingly elastic, owing to the new recruits that have constantly risen. In almost all cases, new clubs have been started as a democratic protest by members of the Sophomore class against the selection of the upper classmen.

The distinguishing feature of Princeton is this independence of the Sophomore and his ability to enforce



The campus of Princeton University, an institution aristocratic in theory, but frequently democratic in practice



**Tiger Inn Club, which recruits its members among the leaders in athletics**

his preference upon those who would arrogate the right of selection. Cottage Club was formed by those who preferred to keep their own crowd together rather than to go into Ivy with men less naturally congenial. The same reason led to the inception of Tiger Inn and the other clubs. Princeton men, familiar with this power of selection may be justifiably impatient of criticism, not realizing that the growth of a system is a very different social condition from the phase that results when that system becomes established and independent and autocratic.

#### COLORED SOCKS AS SACRED INSIGNIA

TEN years ago Princeton's social organizations were in a very unsatisfactory way. Freshmen and Sophomore eating clubs existed with special reference to availability for the upper-class system. As a consequence, no sooner did a man enter Princeton than he was immediately attracted or repelled by the instantaneous need of social competition. This system was completely destructive of class unity; engendered much bitterness and threw the whole emphasis of the college career on social progress. To add to the evils of segregation, the clubs adopted, as a means of publicity, individual hatbands, whence the name "hatband clubs." The university, early recognizing the harmful effects of these organizations, sought unsuccessfully for some years to abolish them, with the result of an amusing conflict of wits with the shrewd and inventive undergraduate mind.

It was solemnly decreed that no organization could pass down its name, expressed as it was in initials, as for instance, P. O. N. A. Immediately the threatened club elected its successors and, complying with the letter of the law, reversed the order of the initials, repeating the process the second and third times. The decree then went out against the use of the distinguishing colored hatbands. The indignant clubs, forced to comply, solemnly decided to preserve their sacred insignia by adopting the same colored socks—which they did with heroic gravity for the period of a year, when a pursuing sense of humor finally overcame their indignation and they surrendered to the inevitable.

The organizations, shorn of a lot of their picturesque quality, still continued. Within the last few years, however, these were finally and effectually abolished by a decree that compelled all members of the Freshman class to eat together in the University Commons; an order that was next extended to the Sophomore class. With this democratic measure, the troublesome hatband clubs disappeared, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

The result obtained is the most significant and democratic in the American college to-day, a development that at Harvard and Yale sheff has been held impossible, as contrary to human nature and infringing on the liberty of the individual. At Princeton then, Freshmen and Sophomores keeping their class organization, eat together without the slightest distinction, with board at \$5.50 a week. A few simple extras confined to eggs and cream may be ordered and that is all. Instead of arousing complaint, it is a system that is universally held with approbation and is now recorded as one of the democratic pillars of the university.

#### CLASS UNITY LOST IN THE JUNIOR YEAR

IN JUNIOR year this class unity, which works to such admirable results that I believe its extension to the Junior class at least is only a matter of time, is rudely disrupted. A large body of the class separates into congenial and luxurious eating clubs, leaving the rest in the loneliest position that can be imagined. As I have said, if the club system were not in existence, the classes instead of disrupting would continue enthusiastic and in growing harmony along the lines so successfully experienced in the two earlier years. But here, as

elsewhere, in any consideration of thorough reform in the social system, we are brought face to face not with the defects of a theory to be reasoned down but with economic facts. It is no longer an idea that is threatened, but a whole system of entrenched property rights.

#### THE NARROWING CLUB LINES

THE club members themselves do not realize what insidious and imperceptible changes may come to modify what is now a representative and actively democratic organization. They themselves individually are aware of their responsibility and are open to all suggestions for bettering conditions, except of course the one that threatens the club idea. At the suggestion of the Senior Council, an organization similar to that existing at Harvard and Yale with such beneficent results, the Seniors have given up their club hatbands, just as the Yale societies have come to concealing their pins, in order that there may be no distinguishing mark of separation between themselves and the outsiders. Furthermore, at Princeton (and other colleges might copy with profit) the Junior and Senior classes hold four to five class rallies a year of a social nature where all contribute without distinction to the songs and individual vaudeville acts.

While fourteen clubs exist at Princeton, it is quite natural that the prestige is with the four earlier ones, and while at present the tendency is not too evident, yet inevitably, as like causes must produce like results, what has happened elsewhere must happen at Princeton. Twenty years from now when the real test of the system which is now only in its infancy must come, the danger is that the clubs will cease to be representative of all elements and will have assumed a separate and narrow character. Already the Ivy Club has a distinct note of social qualification, which is shared in less measure by Cottage, and as it is almost inevitable that the more important clubs should tend toward a distinguishing ideal, there is certainly the danger that they may become representatives of social sets as has happened at Harvard with Porcellian and A. D. and has been the tendency at Yale in the society of Scroll and Key and Wolf's Head. Tiger Inn recruits its membership largely among the leaders in athletics; Cap and Gown among the literary and intellectual members of the class.

#### THAT HEREDITARY TEST—THE SONS OF ALUMNI

AMONG the later clubs, the tendency is to echo the note of one of the four leading clubs. As the intensity of club competition increases, this separating tendency will likewise increase, with the result that members will specialize, as it were, in their social experiences. Nothing can yet be pronounced on the dangers of this system until it shall stand the hereditary



**The Cap and Gown Club, which emphasizes literary inclinations**



**The Ivy Club has a distinct note of social qualification**

test—the problem of dealing with the sons of its alumni with all the evils of interbreeding that has worked so harmfully at Harvard and which at Yale is a very present danger.

The greatest difficulty met in the club system at Princeton has been the seeking of some means of election from the Sophomore class that would be democratic, that would minimize the bitterness and the disruption of the class and prevent toadyism, politics, as well as too great absorption in the contest for social success. Many attempts have been made—all have been more or less a failure.

#### "PACKERS" AND THEIR CLASS DUTIES

FORMERLY the clubs entered into an agreement restricting themselves in the matter of approaching under classmen until an appointed date, but as this worked to the manifest disadvantage of the newer clubs and was likewise a source of temptation often to the leading club whose "section" had been unsatisfactory, it was found impossible to guarantee a strict observance. The Inter-club treaty was, therefore, abolished. To-day each club selects one or more representatives by the end of the Freshman year, usually those who have family connections in the club. These "packers" beginning in Sophomore year proceed to form what is known as the club sections. They choose four or five men who then proceed as a body to elect one by one congenial associates until the section is completed. The club members themselves exercise an advisory supervision but the initiative and the final authority which is only occasionally questioned, reside in this coagulating body



**Cottage Club, formed by those who preferred to keep their own crowd together**

in the Sophomore class itself. The Ivy Club, it is true, lately rejected this right of underclass selection and sought to restore the authority completely to the club itself. If its method should succeed, which at present seems exceedingly doubtful, a distinctive feature of the Princeton system, the natural grouping of men in voluntary association as opposed to artificial selection by upper classmen, will probably disappear, a change deeply to be regretted but one in line with development of the social system everywhere.

#### DORMITORIES ARE LIKE POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS

UNFORTUNATELY, even this system is full of evils. In fact, this is the one incurable sore of all such systems. So long as any system must continue, so long the first unconscious freedom of association of Freshman year will be abruptly dispelled. With the beginning of the Sophomore term there comes the heartache, the sorrow and the bitterness, when the spontaneous impulses of youth must be submitted to the thorough calculation and discrimination of worldly standards. By the beginning of Sophomore year at Princeton the class loses its harmony and is dispersed into fourteen groups; men who are forced into a difficult feeling of their club ambition, and men who revolt and withdraw, refusing to place themselves in the position of suppliance to those in their class who have this sudden power over their future. As the natural grouping spots are the rooms of those selected as "packers," Princeton dormitories present very much the appearance of political headquarters, and National and State politics are not carried on with more intensity and seriousness than these struggles. The whole thing is indefensible, disillusionizing, unnecessary—and inevitable. No matter how high the motives and ideals of a system, this is a period of ineradicable evils, the one unanswerable argument against replacing by artificial means the spirit of comradeship and democracy which at the bottom needs no substitute.

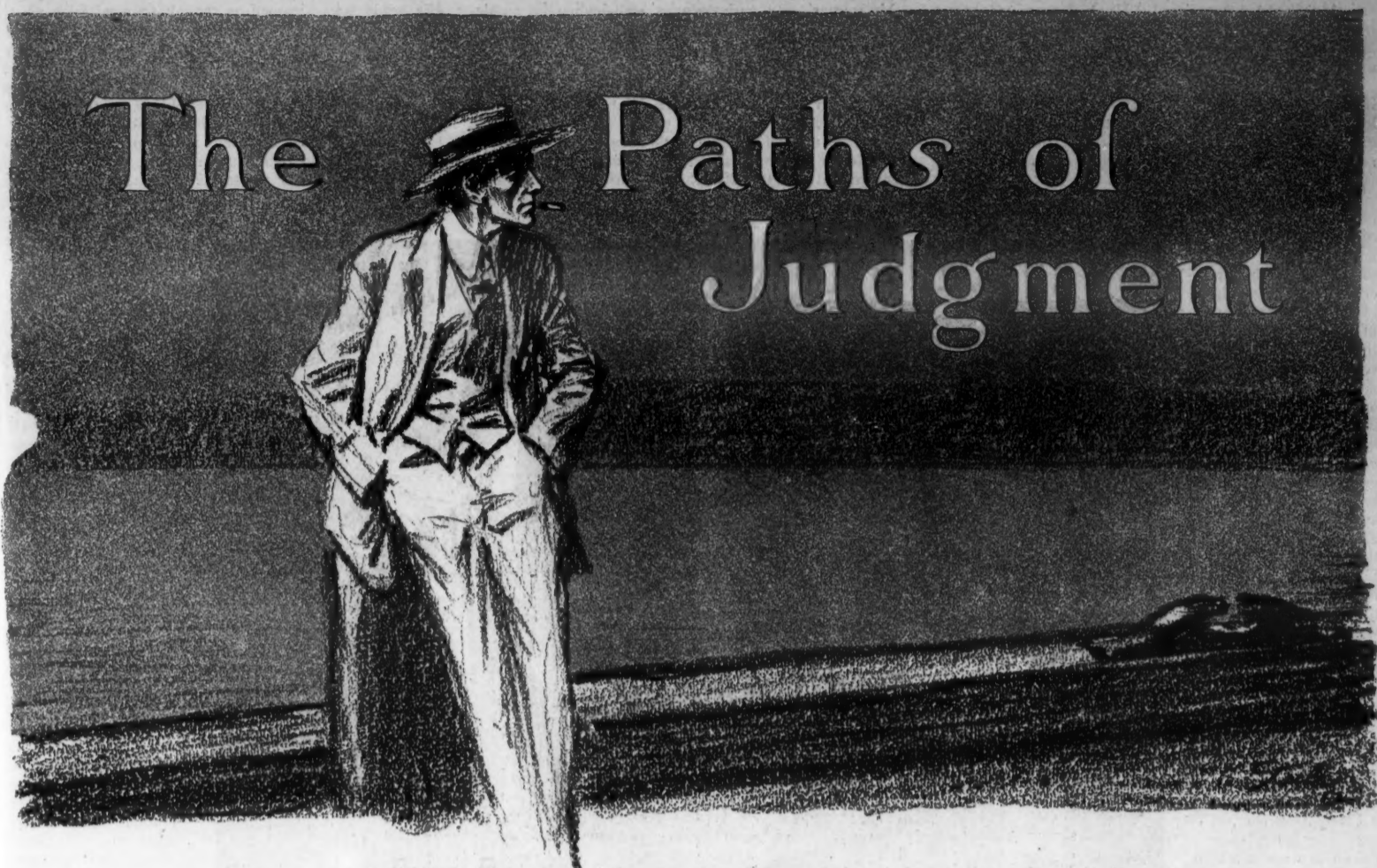
The problem of luxury has not the same difficulties here as at the universities placed in large cities. The Princeton aim has been the same as that of Yale—to bring all students under college control in dormitories on the campus. These dormitories are comfortable and attractive and are marked by no excessive display, nor do they have any quickening effect on the social progress. Men who live in the rudest of the old dormitories are just as likely to be members of the leading clubs. Needless to say, as at Yale, a man working his way through college has this to his advantage, and often the clubs with fashionable tendencies will average from one to four men who are supporting themselves. There are, however, the same two dangers that threaten to change the standard of living elsewhere. The automobile has already crept into Princeton life and there is an increasing tendency to leave at the end of the week for New York or Philadelphia. It is true that there are still comparatively few automobiles and these mostly appear in the spring months, but in the matter of a college tendency the danger must be fought at its inception. It is not a question of whether there are ten or a hundred automobiles. If there are ten there is no reason why there should not be twenty and then thirty, until anyone who can afford an automobile will have one. The old democracy of equal expenditure will vanish. Here, as at Yale, it seems to be a question for the Senior Council to display the same wisdom in legislating for the future that has marked its handling of present problems.

#### THE DESTRUCTIVE SATURDAY EXODUS

THE matter of the Saturday exodus is more difficult to handle. It is, however, so destructive of that intangible spirit of college association, tending as it does to individual enjoyment rather than the deliberate attempt at fraternizing on the distinctive days of college relax-

(Concluded on page 24)

# The Paths of Judgment



*The Lanagan Stories—II: Being Excerpts from the Chronicles of a San Francisco Police Reporter*

By EDWARD H. HURLBUT

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

**J**ACK LANAGAN, star police reporter for the San Francisco "Enquirer," had a Sunday off, the first in weeks. A man of whim and caprice in his leisure moments, he had made no plans. This Sunday morning, after idly reading the morning papers, rolling and consuming innumerable brown paper cigarettes meanwhile, he finally sallied forth in his ill-fitting clothes toward the Palace grill and breakfast. And this being luxuriously ended, he was laved and shaved to his heart's content. Then, perfumed like a boulevardier, he issued forth into Market street to join that morning throng drifting down toward the ferry building for the institutional Sunday outing across the bay. He permitted himself to drift with the current, perfectly and vastly at ease with all the world. He had switched from cigarettes to an evil Manila, poisoning the air cheerfully for yards around him. Lanagan rather enjoyed the exclusiveness given him by his noisome cigars.

**R**OURKE, Fleming, and little Johnny O'Grady of the "Herald," with a camera man, whirled out of Market Street in an automobile, and Lanagan jerked alertly round to watch them out of sight, speculating as to what the story might be. He had half determined to drift over to the office, when Truck One swung into Market Street from O'Farrell. Other fire apparatus was swinging into and out of Market Street, clanging stridently, and Lanagan turned again to the ferry. Fires interested him but little. Always the chance, he remarked once to me fastidiously, of some chump of a fireman squirting water all over you, which spoiled your clothes. I never knew whether Lanagan was having a quiet joke in that or not. His entire wardrobe would have been scorned by a rag picker.

He had been puffing his oakum industriously, and now was attracted by the spectacle of a man beside him nearly doubled over with a fit of coughing. He was shaking and beating at his breast with large, bony hands, and Lanagan noted professionally the rheumatic knuckles and the nails like claws, yellow and dirty. His breath came in sharp whistles, short and staccato, and he was taking possibly a third of a normal respiration at a time.

A particularly violent paroxysm, followed by all evidences of entire suspension of breath, brought Lanagan to the man's side with a leap. He swung the huddled form against a hydrant.

"Here, you!" he called, to a passer-by, "call Douglas 20 and tell them to shoot the harbor ambulance up here." To himself he said: "This man is sick. He needs attention and needs it quick."

But at the words the hunched, choking figure straight-

ened spasmodically, flashing a look upon Lanagan that Lanagan, used to malevolence in all its forms expressed upon features the most evil, had not seen quite equalled. Accustomed to the ill-featured and repulsive as they strain through the bars at the city prison, yet even Lanagan started back momentarily in revulsion.

"I HAVE seen misers," thought Lanagan, "but this is the real miser of all fact and all fiction. I would know him in a million. Fellow I used to see in my dreams when I was a youngster. Pneumonia sure. About six hours for him and then six feet."

Thus lightly diagnosing and disposing of the man and his case, Lanagan motioned the citizen, who had meantime stopped, to go on with the call. But the strange, gnomelike figure, flashing another look, a singular blend of loathing, hate, fear, and timidity, upon the newspaper man, started to hobble away. Lanagan dropped his hand on the man's shoulder to restrain him. But the harsh features turned a look so glowering and repellent upon him that he withdrew the restraining hand. The coughing had ceased. The little old man was still breathing sibilantly and swiftly, rather like a panting dog or cat, which he suggested, but by extraordinary effort of will had fought away the more violent exhibition of his seizure. He commenced to shuffle down the street, with one furtive, fearful backward look that went on past Lanagan and up Market Street.

"You need a hospital, man," said Lanagan, curtly. "And I'm going to take you there. Wait." He placed his hand again on the man's shoulder. But the manikin-like creature flung the hand viciously from him and again flashed that strange look of blended hate, fear, and timidity upon the newspaper man.

"Let be!" he grated. "Let be!"

**A**CAR clanged to the safety station. The grotesque figure, still half-hunched over at the paroxysm from Lanagan's Manila, started for it and Lanagan made no further effort at detention. He climbed laboriously to the platform, and Lanagan shrugged his shoulders.

"I certainly am not going to dry-nurse you, old man, but I ought to at that. If I ever saw a man marked for death, you're that man."

Despite a long afternoon idled away beneath mine host Pastori's shade trees and the somnolent influence of cobwebbed Chianti, Lanagan found his miser's features constantly before him.

"He's my miser, too," he mused, in the vernacular of childhood. "I shouldn't have let him escape me after finding him."

Returning late, Lanagan for once in his life went to

his room without his inevitable last call at police headquarters. Consequently he was several hours late in the morning on the news of a very fine police story, when he awakened to find his miser—Thaddeus Miller of Oakland—pictured on the front pages of all the morning papers. There was no mistaking that face. It was his miser. He had been murdered in his cabin, a clumsy attempt having been made to fire the cabin to destroy the crime and its evidence.

A young clerk, a neighbor to the miser, was under arrest. It appeared that the clerk, James Watson, was found named in the will as sole legatee to an estate valued at close to a quarter of a million dollars. Upon the Watson porch had been found a hammer, freshly washed, the handle not yet dry. But clinging to the claws, unobserved by whoever had washed the blood from the hammer, were two strands of white hair that brought the hammer home to the crime in the cabin. Watson, the stories related, had only known Miller for a few months. He had been seen leaving the cottage shortly before eight o'clock. The fire was discovered smoldering at nine-thirty o'clock, extinguished, and Miller found with his skull crushed, lying on a kerosene-soaked bunk, to which, fortunately, the clumsily started fire had not yet communicated.

**W**ATSON had made a bad case out for himself initially by denying that he had seen Miller at all that day or knowing that he was named in the will. When confronted by neighbors who had seen him leaving the cottage and one neighbor who had heard his wife speak of the will, he took refuge in protestations that he had denied everything through fear and terror. He then admitted owning the hammer, but professed himself at a loss to account for the fact of its having been freshly washed and of the strands of gray hair.

Raving his innocence, he had come to the verge of physical collapse. He repeated constantly the name of his wife and begged the police to bring her to him. But he was being held in strict "detinue," the papers said, until the third degree was given him. At the time of going to press confession was expected momentarily.

Mrs. Watson, after a police examination, had been permitted to return to her home. Her story was that both she and her husband had befriended Miller on different occasions, out of pity for his forlorn and miserable condition. She admitted that on one occasion he had jocularly remarked that he would not forget her husband in his will, but had attached no importance to his remark. She had never heard him speak of any person that he feared. She admitted that her husband had visited Watson at his cabin in the evening, but that the

cumstance was not unusual. He had remained but a moment, Miller being in an unusually morose mood—had been so, in fact, for three or four days. She was at a loss to account for the condition of the hammer.

"And yet," growled Lanagan, "I'm eternally doomed if I think either of them did it. That fellow gave me a look that spelled fear; abject, abnormal fear; it was the concentration of the fear of a lifetime; of a hare who runs with the dogs always at his heels. And it was not fear of the Watsons either."

Lanagan, stopping at the office only long enough to receive instructions, made the narrow-gauge ferry by bowling over an obstreperous ticket taker who tried to shut the gate in his face. Not that there was any particular need for such spectacular haste; it was merely Lanagan's way; Lanagan "showing off," as some of his professional brothers would invidiously have it. But I, who knew him better than any news writer in the business, say not. Lanagan was a genuine eccentric. And in this particular case he was fighting for time. Bitter experience had taught him the value of minutes. Indeed, a cardinal rule of his business that Lanagan sought to drive into my slower newspaper intelligence was to get on the ground first.

Lanagan knew of old that every city editor in town would be accepting the very plausible police version, and would be awaiting the expected confession from Watson. Watson might confess, but Lanagan had a sullen "hunch" that he wouldn't. Lanagan moved most of the time by "hunches," as many successful newspaper men—to say nothing of detectives—do. Hunches and luck may be called by such fancy brands as inductive or deductive, intensive or extensive analytical capacity; but in the long run most crimes are solved on luck, hunches, and through the invaluable aid of police "stool pigeons," more politely known as "sources." An intuitive judgment of men is about as good an asset as a reporter or detective can have, coupled with a faculty for quick decision and personal bravery.

More than any one thing, it was possibly this faculty for swift intuitive analysis that carried Lanagan to his high degree of success. However, man and man's judgments are fallible; it was so ordered in the original scheme of things, for very obvious reasons.

LANAGAN went directly to the Watson cottage. The brilliant American police system had permitted some scores of curious and morbid persons to trample over every inch of ground within a hundred yards of the Miller hut. Privileged friends of the patrolman on guard there, after the traditional American custom also, had been permitted to slip inside and paw over the belongings and stare to their heart's content. Lanagan knew of old what the situation there would be. That could wait. He was more concerned with having the first meeting of the day with Mrs. Watson.

It was a modest little "bungalow style" of home that he approached, much like that of any one of thousands of small-salaried men in the transbay suburban sections. An air of good taste, neatness, and care in the trim little lawn, the cleanliness of the walks, stairs and porch, and the precision with which all of the shades were drawn against the morning sun, marked it possibly a bit more individual than many of its kind. Mrs. Watson herself opened the door to his ring. She bore the outward evidence of grief. Her eyes were red and swollen, her cheeks hectic, her hair disheveled. She was blond, with large blue eyes, set possibly a line too closely together, chiseled nose, delicate, shapely ears, saving the lobe was not quite as free as an exact taste would require, and a well-molded chin.

"I am Mr. Lanagan of the 'Enquirer,'" he said, and added some words of apology. He had a way

with women—and with men as well—when he so desired, that was singularly ingratiating; a soft trick of speech, an ingenuousness of manner, a certain dignity that seemed to lift him from the mean atmosphere of his ill-fitting clothes and marked him with personality.

"You may come in," said Mrs. Watson.

As he followed her to the parlor and she lifted the shades, he noticed that she was of good figure, rather lithe in her movements, laced well in for a housewife unapparelled for the street, not more than three-and-twenty, and that she walked with that scarcely percepti-

His beady eyes gleamed as though touched with phosphorescence. Under the concentration of his gaze, the woman unconsciously shrank. Rising from his chair with a movement almost tigerish, he strode before her, upturned her face so that her eyes looked straight up into his, and then, his voice terrific in its tension, and yet scarcely louder than a whisper, said:

"Did you wheedle Thaddeus Miller into making a will in your favor and then murder him?"

So quickly that her act seemed rather involuntary than by any conscious impulse, she leaped to her feet, her breast

rising and falling tumultuously. She struggled inarticulately for speech, raised her hand as though to strike him in the face, and collapsed in a swoon at his feet.

Lanagan gazed coldly down upon her without qualm. He was impersonal now; the incarnation of newspaper truth. He only regretted that she had balked him by swooning. Swiftly he straightened her out, loosed her collar, and was busily engaged chafing her hands when heavy footfalls sounded from the porch, and the bell rang loudly.

"By the brogans and the ring, our friends of the upper office," commented Lanagan cynically as he opened the door. Quinlan and Pryor from the Oakland department entered, viewing Lanagan suspiciously as they beheld the still form upon the floor.

"She's in better shape for the hospital than your third degree in the detainee cells," remarked Lanagan,

vouchsafing no explanations. "Went out just this minute as I was interviewing her."

Quinlan and Pryor settled themselves heavily, lit fresh cigars, made labored notes of the circumstances, and, when Lanagan finally restored the woman, gave her some breathing space and then informed her that she was to be taken to see her husband. To Lanagan she directed no look—addressed no word. She moved as one in a trance.

THE detectives and their prisoner departed and Lanagan turned for the Miller cottage.

"That was a pure soul's denial or it was a guilty soul's defiance," thought Lanagan. "But which?"

Long he turned that over. "Frankly, on type I mistrust her; but what about that look in Miller's eyes?"

Lanagan seldom went back on a "hunch." At first flash he had declared the Watsons innocent. He was not yet ready to abandon that; and yet the circumstances were certainly trending toward them.

"But," he concluded, "there's a nigger in this woodpile somewhere that I haven't located."

The cottage had nothing to offer. Police, curious hunters, and shoals of newspaper men had combed it. Lanagan hurried to the Oakland police headquarters and cocked his feet on Inspector Henley's desk while that astute individual detailed to him the various steps taken by the police in fixing the crime on Watson. Lanagan was nettled. It sounded highly convincing.

"You're sure of Watson?" he finally asked, quizzically, helping himself to a fist full of Henley's cigars.

"Clearest case I have ever handled," said Henley, moving the cigar box out of reach. "Every link is complete. Further: the woman is in on it and we'll have her within twenty-four hours. We'll get the case before Baxter and they'll swing inside of three months."

"Well," drawled Lanagan, "you're wrong again, Henley."

THE inspector flushed. He had a lively recollection of how Lanagan had "trimmed" him on the Stock-slayer murder and he didn't take kindly to the "again."

"We've got the motive, the property; and the means, the hammer. What more do you want?"

"Well, to complete the alliteration, I suppose you want the murderer," said Lanagan with a faint laugh. "And you haven't got him. Pretty good smokes. Just slip back that box. I don't get over your way very often. You act as though you had paid for those cigars yourself. Can I see Watson?"

"No," said Henley, surlily. He never cared to argue the little matters such as Lanagan was fond of nagging

(Continued on page 33)



We laid him on the bed. He had got it in the lungs

ble lift of the shoulders and swing of the hips that denotes a woman not entirely unconscious, even in the stress of melancholy circumstances, of the gaze of a man; a suggestion of affectation, the unmistakable mark of a woman inclined by temperament to be naturally frivolous; or even, upon occasion, reckless. He noticed, too, that she wore French heels.

"Curious type certainly," commented Lanagan mentally. "Sort of a domesticated coryphee; with the homing instinct implanted where the wanderlust was planted in her sisters. One who has settled into marriage where her like settle, with as little concern, into the round circle of the night lights. Everything different except that generic vanity. Rather an odd mating for a clerk, and a plodder at that, to judge from his picture," thought Lanagan.

Lanagan sat with his back to the window, putting Mrs. Watson in the full light.

"Is there anything you can say, Mrs. Watson, that could throw any light upon this affair? Any enemies that Miller ever spoke about? Any visitors that he has had of late? Any letters or other messages that he received? Any threats?"

She threw both hands forth with a despairing gesture. "Nothing, nothing!" she moaned, as tears came. "It is terrible, terrible! He is innocent, innocent I say! I know he is innocent! I know it!"

She sobbed for a moment, and then, with a sudden gesture of determination, straightened up, dried her eyes, and composed herself. Lanagan had been watching her with eyes that seemed to narrow and lessen to little black beads. His ears, gifted with abnormal power for receiving and disintegrating into each component shade of meaning or emotion the tones of the human voice, drank in every word that she uttered, marked each sob that shook her form.

"You do not believe your husband guilty, do you?"

Her lips parted in an exclamation of protest, and Lanagan for the first time caught the upper lip: a lip as thin as a paper cutter, that drew tautly and white across the perfect teeth. It suggested a knife to Lanagan.

"She holds true to the type," he commented to himself grimly. "A curious type, surely, for a prosaic clerk!"

Lanagan's brain was churning.



"I have seen misery!" thought Lanagan

# Mrs. Durkee Draws the Line

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

JOE WICK was 'way behind with his breakfast, having company in the person of the Lazy J Six's horse wrangler, Boone Mellish, who had been riding Pass Creek for strays. When you have congenial company overnight in the Pass Creek valley you are generally late for breakfast, because you sit up late discussing the news of the past few months and the mysteries of life, including woman. Then, being a man of hospitable instincts and having a proper pride in your own cooking, you spring something a little extra in the way of grub. For instance, you may put alternate layers of bacon, potatoes, and onion in a lordly dish, dredging occasionally with flour and salting and peppering judiciously; then, if you have milk—the kind obtained directly from a fairly docile flesh-and-blood cow—you add milk to the level of the top layer, and bake the whole to a delicate brown. When the guest sits down to a breakfast of this dish, the sun may shine well down into the Red Gypsum gullies and wagon bosses may rage, but he will take his time and his share.

"It's lickin' good," said Mr. Mellish, holding out his plate for more. "I don't know as I could have done much better myself, and I'm quite considerable of a hash mixer if anybody should ask you about it real anxious. I've et worse biscuit than these, too. No, I take it all back what I done said about you needin' the refinin' influence of woman. I reckon you can shag along the way you are."

Joe Wick, lantern-jawed and saturnine misogynist, nodded over his coffee cup. "I reckon I can," he said with emphasis.

Mellish grinned. "There ain't no manner of doubt that a woman's cooking makes trouble in the camp once in a while," he resumed presently. "There was Dutch Charlie an' his squaw, fr instance. Charlie came into Doc Wayne's drug store at Oelrichs with a pain that he wouldn't believe was brought on by a little thing like jerked beef and sauerkraut with fermented wild plum sass to follow. Doc mixed him up a dose of blue vitriol, or something that took hold right good, and advised him to have his squaw keep her cooking off the range of pale-face chuck. 'I'll back her agin any lady in the Sioux nation for dog an' buffalo berry stew,' says Doc, 'but when it comes to compoundin' sauerkraut from your dim, misty rec'lections of the way your mother made it, it's poison.' Well, a young Teton buck, name of Hole-in-the-Ground, that was related to Charlie's squaw, heard the talk an' hopped on his pony and lit out with the idee that Charlie was goin' to have his squaw arrested for poisoning him, and when Charlie approaches his happy home there's a puff of smoke from a chink in the cabin, an' Charlie tumbles off his horse with a big hole through him where the pain was. And next morning Mrs. Charlie was back on the reservation an' didn't know anythin' about nothin'."

"That's the way they all are," remarked Joe Wick with feeling. "Blame 'em! that's the way they all are. If any woman come around here ever—"

The sound of wagon wheels outside interrupted him, and as he sat with his fork poised, listening, a shrill "whoo-ee-e" in an unmistakably feminine voice came forth in summons. "Oh, Joe!"

Joe Wick colored painfully at the expression on his guest's face. "It's—it's a neighbor woman," he explained, *sotto voce*.

"Oh-h, I see," returned Mellish elaborately. "Course

that's different. If she's a neighbor woman, nobody couldn't blame you. Sure not. No, sir-ee. A person's nachally got to be neighborly. Slick up your hair a little afore you go—or do you want me to go out an' tell her you ain't home an' won't be back right soon?"

"You set right where you are," commanded Joe hoarsely. "If she sees you there won't be any gettin' shut of her. You set still."

"Whoo-ee-e" was repeated from the outside.

"Ain't there no back way?" whispered Mellish anxiously. "You could hide out in some draw an' I could bring your food if—oh, well, don't get hostile! Wipe them milk splashes off your boots anyway. Tell you—"

But Wick was gone, and his guest doubled himself in the repression of his mirth, and then, tiptoeing to the door, applied his eye to the crack.

JOE had approached a light wagon drawn by a comfortable pair of American horses, in which sat a comfortable-looking woman of middle age and florid complexion, who smiled on him winningly from the depths of her pink sunbonnet.

"Howdy, Joe," she called. "I ain't seen you in a month of Sundays."

"Howdy, Mis' Durkee," returned Joe, uneasily conscious of Mellish in the cabin. "Fine day."

"Elegant," agreed the lady, and then, after a pause: "Ain't seen nothin' of my blue cow around, have you?"

"No," replied Joe, "I ain't."

"I allowed maybe you might have."

"I don't reckon I have. No, ma'am."

"That old skeezicks, Ike, let her get away night afore last, an' I'm afraid she's got in with some bunch an' by the time I git her she'll be dried up on me. That's the way it goes every time when a woman's alone in the world an' has to depend on hired help. Ike's gittin' more no account all the time. Well, I allowed you might have seen her."

"I am some late," Joe admitted.

"Must take a heap of your time cookin' for yourself an' washin' up your own dishes," observed Mrs. Durkee. "I don't see how you ever find time to do anythin' else."

"It does take a right smart of a man's time," agreed Joe.

"To say nothin' of housecleaning, if you ever do any."

"Well," said Joe, "once in a month or so I take a hoe an' sorter dig out."

Mrs. Durkee laughed immoderately at this jest. "That's a good one," she giggled. "I bet it ain't so far from the truth either. I'll have to take a peek inside some of these days. Well, I must be gittin' on. Ain't that trace twisted?"

Joe found that it was twisted, and, as he bent over to adjust it, a sudden exclamation from the woman made him look up wonderingly.

"I declare if you ain't snagged your shirt," she said. "There's a great big rinkelhock right in the shoulder, an' a new shirt, too, ain't it?" There was deep concern in her tone.

"That ain't nothin'," Joe protested.

"Nothin'! If that ain't just like a man. I s'pose you'd keep right on a-wearin' it an' lettin' the hole get bigger until it got too bad an' then you'd tear it up for dish rags. I tell you, you take that shirt off right now, an' I'll take it home an' mend it for you."

Joe's embarrassment was painful to witness.

"Oh, I don't mean right here," Mrs. Durkee hastened to assure him. "Go into the cabin an' change. I'll wait."

Joe demurred, but Mrs. Durkee was peremptory in a coquettish sort of a way, and he reluctantly entered the cabin, scarlet to his ear tips. Shaking his fist in Mellish's grinning face, he divested himself of the torn garment and assumed another from the scanty stock in his trunk.

"Bring them, too," called Mrs. Durkee as he emerged from the cabin. "I can see the holes in 'em from here."

Her finger pointed to a couple of pairs of blue cotton socks that dangled from a hay-rack near a lean-to shed. "You don't need to be bashful about 'em. I've seen men's socks afore now," she added.

Joe hesitated but obeyed, and Mrs. Durkee rolled the socks in the shirt and deftly pinned the bundle, which she tucked in the seat beside her.

"Well, I must be goin'," she said.

"I'll be over on Beaver this afternoon, an' I'll watch out for that cow o' yours," said Joe. "She's an old Box E cow, an' that's her range."

Joe waited a minute or two after she had driven away, and then, assuming an austerity of expression calculated to discourage levity, he reentered the cabin to find Mellish executing a gleeful pas seul to the jingling accompaniment of his own spurs, and emitting subdued whoops.

"Quit that, you crazy loon," growled Joe, seizing the dancer and shaking him vigorously. "She'll hear you."

"Hold me up," gasped Mellish, collapsing in his host's arms. "Fan me! Volupshus females callin' around an' beggin' to mend his shirts an' darn his socks. Pink sunbonnets a-drivin' up at all hours for a drink o' water an' a confidential chat." His legs became limp, and Joe, disentangling himself from his clinging embrace, fell to the floor, where he continued his comment.

"Ain't seen nothin' o' my cow, have you?" Well, if you ain't, won't you be so kind as to let me mend your shirt? I don't know but that'll do me about as well.



"Sho, Mis' Durkee, this ain't for me!"

"No," said Joe stolidly, "I ain't seen her. Right warm, ain't it?"

"It certainly is. I was jest a-thinkin' I'd get out and get me a drink of your good water."

Joe spoke with great presence of mind: "Stay right where you are, ma'am. I'll go get you a drink. Don't you trouble to climb out. I'll get it for you."

HE HURRIED to the well, and in a moment returned with a brimming tin cup, from which Mrs. Durkee drank with a little finger delicately crooked. "That's good water," she remarked as she handed the cup back. "The water I've got ain't fitten for nobody to drink. You're late gettin' around this mornin', ain't you?"

"That's the way women all are, blame 'em! Ain't never satisfied unless they can do some kind of needlework for a feller. When they're young they want to crochet neckties for you, an' when they get about so old or maybe a little older they're bound they'll put a new seat in your pants. But, then, 'tain't everyone they want to do it for, Joe. 'If any woman ever come around here—' and then see him run with the tin cup."

"If I hadn't she'd a-hopped out of the wagon an' been clackin' yet," said Joe.

"Well, that's the way it is when a woman's alone in the world," jeered Mellish.

"See here, Boone," said Joe sternly, "I don't want to rush nobody off, but I'm dead sure Lute Boggs needs you at the ranch worse than I need you here, an' I think too much of Lute to keep you just because you make me happy. In other words, you can hit the breeze without gettin' arrested for assault."

"All right, Joe," returned Mellish humbly. "Don't shoot, I'll go peaceable. You don't care if I take a little circle out by Beaver an' see if I can find any stray Box E stock, do you? That's a good-lookin' lady when the light strikes her right, an' I'd like to help her out. Same time, I wouldn't want to do anything to knock your eye out. I'm a-goin' to tell them Lazy J Six waddies to keep off the reservation, too."

JOE became impressive. "If you get to shootin' off your mouth on this here subject to any of the boys I'll lick the daylight out of you, Boone Mellish," he said. "There ain't nothin' to get funny about anyway. I ain't responsible for Old Man Durkee's decease, am I? I'd a heap ruther he'd stayed alive an' kep' his woman at home the way he always done, but I reckon he never figgered on my ruthers. Similar, when the widow comes around here, I can't chase her off with a club, but I can tell you it's the first time she's ketched me in six weeks."

"You old sourdough stag!" said Mellish. "Be ashamed of yourself talkin' that a-way about a lady; but she'll get you yet, Joe."

"I'll bet you a forty-dollar dog she don't," Joe said emphatically.

Three days later, when the dust from the wheels of Mrs. Durkee's wagon arose in a little cloud over the ridge south of the Wick ranch, Joe Wick lowered his field glasses and hurried to the lean-to from whence a few moments later he led a saddled pony down the trail into the gully that skirted his cabin and cut the plateau to a lower level. There he mounted and rode hastily to the outlet and then turned eastward and scuttled into a draw like a rabbit into its burrow.

He lay concealed there, smoking philosophically for the best part of an hour, and then, after climbing the bank to reconnoiter, jogged back to the cabin.

WHATEVER may have been the condition of Joe's wearing apparel, there was nothing in his cabin interior to call the blush of shame to his cheek. The walls were of hewn logs from which the draw knife had shaved away the marks of the broad ax. Snowy lime-pointing filled the chinks, and there were decorations of tobacco tags in elaborate designs, and colored calendars and "art" supplements to relieve the mural bareness. The floor was of planed lumber, not only scrubbed but scoured to driftwood whiteness with sand; the tables bore witness to the same treatment in a greater degree; the cooking utensils were beyond reproach for brightness and neatness of arrangement, and in the partitioned-off sleeping room, his bed was smoothly made. Joe was a man with a sense of order, a passion for cleanliness and muscle and energy to realize his ideals in these particulars.

It was, therefore, with an air of grim satisfaction that the ranchman looked around him, knowing that his fair neighbor had taken her promised "peek." A package lay on the table, and he opened it and found his shirt beautifully mended and his socks not only darned but ironed and folded to admiration.

"Well, she certainly knows how to darn socks," muttered Joe after a careful inspection; "but thunder! what's a new pair of socks once in a while or a new shirt, for that matter? She needn't think—"

He checked himself, put the shirt and socks away, and then went out to the cultivation of his cabbages, but with an uneasy mind and an eye that roved continually to the ridge southward. At noon he was particularly thoughtful over his repast of milk and corn-bread. Once he got up and, stepping to the door, looked anxiously out, and when at last he had pushed his chair back he had made a decision. "I'll let them cabbages go for this afternoon and take a load of truck over to the Lazy J," he said. "I might as well have it out with them if I've got to." Accordingly he loaded his wagon with onions, cabbage, squash, beans, and other vegetables highly esteemed by the can-cursed cooks of cow ranches. Fifteen miles out to the Lazy J and fifteen back Joe covered, doing his chores by moonlight on his return, but he had satisfied himself of one thing—that Boone Mellish had been considerate enough to observe silence on the subject of Mrs.

Durkee's visit, at least nobody at the Lazy J had alluded to it and Boone himself had been absent.

By the end of the week Joe was beginning to think that he had alarmed himself unnecessarily. He had remained at home steadily for days and there had been no more visits from Mrs. Durkee. Furthermore, Mellish's discretion was by this time fairly well established. The oppression that had weighed upon the ranchman's soul was almost lifted when, straightening himself from an irrigating ditch one morning, he saw a long-necked, long-nosed, elderly individual in faded blue overalls standing by the hayrack and contemplating a string of socks that were hanging there. The next moment the



"You'll break them cigars," interrupted Joe, paling slightly. "What are you talkin' about?"

long-nosed man turned and slouched up to where Joe was standing and greeted him.

"Howdy, Ike?" returned Joe, assuming a cordiality that he by no means felt.

"I come to see if I couldn't get that little drag o' yours," said Ike. "The widow, she wants to put in a patch of rye, an' it ain't no good tellin' her it's too late for rye. You can't tell a woman nothin'."

"Take it right along," said Joe. "Leave the single-tree, though. I'm going to need it." He made an opening in the mud dam of the ditch with his hoe and allowed a little stream to run through it. Ike worried a plug of tobacco with inadequate teeth and then squatted to watch the proceedings.

"Want me to help you to load it in the wagon?" asked the ranchman after a moment or two.

"Guess not," replied Ike. "Say, Joe, you're as slick a hand at darning socks as ever I seen. I was a-noticein' one of them you've got strung out, an' i-gunny! nobody couldn't tell but what a woman had done it."

"My mother was a woman an' she learned me how," explained Joe. "She learned me a heap o' things, my mother did. 'Joey,' says she, 'don't you ever get to pokin' your miserable little nose into things what don't concern you,' she says. I ain't never forgot that."

"It's a right good thing to keep in mind," Ike agreed, "but as for darning, I couldn't no more darn than nothin'. My fingers is all thumbs, sewin' on buttons, even. Now you'd think me workin' for a woman, I'd get all my clothes kep' mended up, but shucks! she wouldn't take a stitch to keep the last rag from fallin' off me. If I drop any hints, she'll give a needle an' thread, but that's all she will do."

BOONE MELLISH'S remark, "But 'tain't everybody they want to do it for, Joe," occurred to Mr. Wick. "Same time she'll darn socks," pursued Ike. "I seen her workin' over a batch of blue ones like them o'

yourn the other day. Maybe they was some o' the old man's she'd run across, an' she allowed it wasn't never too late to mend."

"Mebbe," said Joe shortly.

"Well, I guess I'll have to be goin'," remarked Ike cheerfully, and as Joe offered no objection he went, but he stopped again at the hayrack and looked at the stocks, and at this Mr. Wick's wrath overcame his judgment.

"You can take a pair o' them along with you if they've struck your fancy so particular," he shouted.

Ike turned with a grin, displaying the toothless gap in his mouth. "I don't need the socks, but I sure admire 'em," he returned. "If there was county fairs in this man's country, I'll bet you could take first prize for darning. It's as good as the Widow Durkee's."

The emotions aroused in Joe Wick's bosom by Ike's insinuations were poignant and lasting. They had not by any means subsided when two days later Mrs. Durkee drove up and whoo-ee-ed at the yard bars. What Joe said when he heard that call was at once ungallant and profane, and a look of determination knit his shaggy eyebrows and clamped his lantern jaws as he whisked off the grain-sack apron with which he was begirt.

"I'll settle this," he added desperately.

He firmly meant it. It was his unalterable resolution to present such a sourness of aspect and to express himself with such unthankful churlishness as would offend the widow beyond pardon and make her avoid the ridge road forevermore.

What he said was: "Sho, Mis' Durkee, this ain't for me!" and his face relaxed to such an extent that it might be said he beamed.

"Take it or I'll drop it," commanded Mrs. Durkee, and Joe took it.

IT WAS a pie, a pie which, uncovered by the plate that had protected it, showed a rich coloring of flaky crust subdued with a powdering of sugar, into which oozed pink juices from the pattern of fork punctures—a pie to make an anchorite dribble, a pie palliative, and, more, a paragon of pies.

"Ras'bry," said Mrs. Durkee benignantly. "I run on to a patch yest'day evenin' an' picked a couple o' quarts inside of half an hour. I reckon I'll put up a few jars of 'em next week, but sakes alive! I don't somehow seem to take no interest cookin' an' puttin' up things with nobody but myself to eat 'em."

"There's Ike," suggested Joe.

"Cert'nly, there's Ike and there's the two hogs," said Mrs. Durkee. "I'm a-talkin' about somebody that knows what good cookin' is and can appreciate it. I know you can cook, but I think I heard you say that you couldn't make pies."

"No, ma'am," Joe admitted. "Pies is sure a cut above me."

"Pies, cakes, doughnuts, cookies, puddin's, custards—them's my strong holt," said the widow. "I don't want to crack myself up for the best there is," she continued modestly, "but it ain't often I'm asked to get up an' move to one of the back seats."

"I bet you ain't," declared Joe with something approaching enthusiasm as he cast another glance at the pie.

"Now you can take that in an' bring me out your mendin'," said Mrs. Durkee briskly.

The ranchman's face fell and hardened in the falling. "Mrs. Durkee, ma'am," he said, "in the first place, I ain't got no mendin', and in the next, if I had, there ain't no reason in the world why I should impose on you to do it for me."

"There ain't," said the widow, smiling. "Well, seems like to me one good turn deserves another, an' when I see my old blue cow back in the milk corral that mornin' with a shippin' tag tied to her tail with 'Best regards from yours faithful, Joe Wick,' on it, I says to myself that very thing. Now you go in an' get that mendin' and don't you tell me you ain't got none, because I know better."

JOE looked at her open-mouthed. "Your blue—" he began.

"You're tiltin' the juice out o' that pie," said Mrs. Durkee. "Go get that mendin' now like a good man. It'll give me somethin' to do an' seem like old times when I had somebuddy to care for an' do for." Mrs. Durkee sighed pensively, and Joe Wick turned and walked in a daze to the cabin. As he went he murmured softly but with great expression: "Oh, Boone Mellish! Boone Mellish! Wait till I ketch you! Wait till I get my grip on you onct!"

In the cabin he laid the pie down and shook his clenched fist in the air. Then he turned to his wardrobe. "If there ain't no other way out of it, I'll give her a-plenty," he said savagely, and began to rummage. But for all his amiable intention, the bundle that he took back was not a large one, and was received by Mrs. Durkee with perfect equanimity.

"I'll be comin' a-past here again pretty soon an' I'll bring 'em along with me—if you ain't around to my place afore then," she said. "Why don't you be neigh-

(Continued on page 37)



# How 200,000 Motor Car Owners

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## No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

Users told others—and the others told others—that these patented tires cut their tire bills in two. That is the only reason why these tires jumped to

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These perfected tires, by a patented process, are made so that rim-cutting is ended forever. This type is called the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of ruined old-type tires are rim-cut. No-Rim-Cut tires save that 23 per cent.

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That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

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Yet No-Rim-Cut tires cost practically the same as other standard tires. They used to cost one-fifth extra.

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Catalog  
on Request

## The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges

(Concluded from page 18)

ation that it is not a matter of little importance. Again it is within the province of the Senior Council to maintain the esprit de corps of the university, but in case of failure to perceive the far-reaching consequences, it certainly lies with the university to take drastic action. Princeton has set such a noteworthy example in its class rallies that it might well be its pride to develop the idea of Saturday night as the distinctive social night of the entire college.

### REGRETTABLE LUXURY

WHAT is most regrettable in the Princeton club system is the luxury of the houses, which notably in the Cottage and Ivy Clubs reaches a degree of extravagance which might lead an outsider to believe he was in the homes of multimillionaires. In the matter of lavish display, these clubs surpass the clubs of New York City itself. To those who regret the amazing drift toward materialism in the outer world and look to the colleges to bring the correctives of sane ambitions and the inspiration toward genuine achievements, this degree of luxury which keeps company with the private dormitories at Harvard and the newer Sheff fraternities at Yale is a source of much anxiety. It is the development along the line of the English University idea of the gentlemen's college as opposed to the rude, almost monastic, training of the German Gymnasium and the French University.

While no such forced competition for undergraduate honors exists at Princeton as at Yale, still to those who have been in touch with the development of the last ten years, the increase in this direction is marked and significant of the future. It is inevitable in all such systems that the accent should be placed on college distinctions as a matter of club availability, while it is likewise true that the clubs in their struggle for the survival of the fittest, constantly incite their men to compete in the race for undergraduate prominence. In several of the clubs there is a distinct accent of intellectual accomplishment, but this is not sufficient, nor is it a guarantee of the future. The whole matter of the relative standards of the university and the social organization is too important to be trusted to ephemeral enthusiasm.

### SHOULD ELIMINATE THE LOAFER

THE university which has introduced the first great educational reform in its admirable preceptorial system should continue by making a moderately high scholarship rank a requisite for membership in the social organization. This measure which I believe the most practical and important necessity in every college, in reality would be a measure of protection to the social organizations themselves, insuring the elimination of the type of inconsequential loafer and guaranteeing the selection of men of character and requisite brains.

The most pressing reform to be carried out, and which, to their credit, the University authorities, as well as the undergraduates, are to-day actively planning, is some provision for the outsider who is shut out from the social advantages and pleasant intercourse which the clubs offer to their members.

A university club with all the attractions, which the Harvard Union has so admirably provided for the college as a whole, is now under consideration. When it is built, it may supply the natural meeting place which can really make of Saturday night the reunion of Senior and Junior classes without distinction in impulsive fraternity. The extension to Junior year of the present compulsory association of the Freshman and Sophomore classes in the dining halls would be of the greatest advantage. As it is now, as soon as the club sections are formed in the Sophomore class, that body is divided, whereas if the Junior sections of the clubs continued without arbitrary discrimination of tables to eat with the whole class, a more intimate and companionable spirit could be fostered so that by Senior year the outsider would not feel the same compunction in visiting the clubs and much of the sense of social division would be lost.

### BAD THEORY BUT GOOD PRACTICE

IN conclusion Princeton is an example of a bad theory, democratically administered. In nine cases out of ten such a system would be productive of snobbery, luxuriousness, and political discord. That it is not now a fact at Princeton is a tribute to the manhood and democracy of the Princeton spirit to-day.

But it is not enough to pass judgment upon present impulses of undergraduate life—the test of a young system is in its potential evils. When all allowances have been made, here at Princeton is an established plant, club-houses of indefensible luxury, a competitive system prone to form disintegrating and jealous sets; while in the outer world subtly influencing every college are the growing tendencies of American life toward materialism, social demarcations and entrenched privilege. To resist these pervasive forces the university should not depend on fleeting and ephemeral sentiment however virile and democratic at present, but should anxiously seek organic safeguards against the almost imperceptible creeping in of worldly influences.

To-day it stands at the fork of the roads. It may develop, along the lines of its present democratic progress toward the university ideal by an extension of the dining hall to the Junior and even the Senior classes, by the organization of a university club that would effectively centralize the social life, or it may develop along the lines of the superiority of club loyalty, into a university, as effectively divided into so many parts, as though it were a collection of inimical units.



"Say! young feller, ye'd better hawl off that mutt o' yours. I'm scared my dog might inhale him"

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The forged swivel joint is an exclusive feature of Stewart Speedometers. We have spent during the past year over \$100,000 providing buildings and machinery for producing this one item of speedometer equipment, that we might be enabled to make a high grade, unbreakable drop forged steel joint at a cost that would not prohibit using them even on our lower priced instruments.

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We point to improvements and features that can be purchased only in combination with Stewart Speedometers. We use a Seth Thomas clock, rim wind and rim set. Stop for a minute and think what this means. To wind it, you merely turn the rim of the clock—no key to hunt for; no taking off the bezel each time you wish to wind or set it. To set the clock you merely pull out and turn the same rim—no unsightly knobs to destroy the beauty of the clock or openings in the case—sure to permit the entrance of water and dust—liable to put the clock out of commission.

Our experience with other makes of clocks used on speedometers has proven that Seth Thomas clocks are the best for the purpose.

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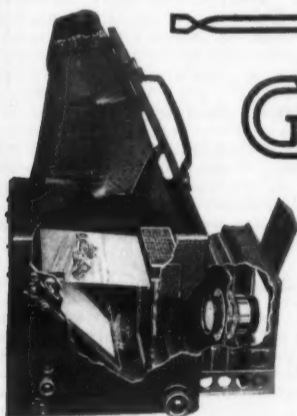
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## In the Pit

(Continued from page 11)

in yellow works like a buttonhole machine. It is beautiful. Before I can snap him with my camera, De Palma is off. Our own pit work is pretty lumpy—slow and careless. "That isn't the right rear tire—get the other!" "Does she need any more gasoline?" "What is in that can, gasoline or oil?" The cans are just alike.

### BRUCE-BROWN'S BREAKDOWN

**S**TILL, other team crews' work is even worse. As we try to believe our own eyes we see the yellow Mercer come down the stretch—yes, actually being pushed by Hughie Hughes and his mechanic! Out of gasoline! Nearly a mile they have tugged at her. Another crew has put on a wrong tire and has to take it off.

It is already evident that the 500-mile speed record is going to be broken. Bulletins, scoreboards, and stop watches agree that the pace is faster than last year. It is a fast track anyway, but when the temperature is high the bricks get heated so that the tires burn up badly. But it has rained for two days and the pavement is cool. Tires last longer; cars go faster. Bruce-Brown in No. 20 is stepping right along in his National, trying to pass DePalma. That is, he was—but with a unanimous groan our pit sees him up the stretch heading in for the pits. What d'you think? Another bum valve! This time it is hopeless. A half hour's work shows the piston rings have broken. Well, it's the fortune of war. Bruce-Brown gets away on three cylinders, comes in again, and is out of it.

The press bulletin has it that "he wept like a child"—but he didn't. He's been through too many battles for that.

### SATISFACTORY DEARTH OF ACCIDENTS

**J**OE DAWSON, meanwhile, in the stock car has been hurried along. He has mysteriously squirmed up to third place already, and we are telephoning his position and time to the blackboard on the back stretch: "3-4" and "3-2," and so on, showing how far he is behind the Fiat. De Palma, cool, determined, driving a beautiful race, has hypnotized the grand stand. Every time he passes there is a cheer. The Fiat is pounding right along, too; she is a pretty good car yet. Teddy Tetzlaff certainly knows how to humor the old girl.

The Speedway is breaking its record for attendance and for management. Two thousand two hundred employees are at work for Carl Fisher to-day, and every one of them is right on the job. The crowds are seated, the automobiles are parked without confusion, but—there's

something missing—the race lacks excitement. It's only a parade.

There are few in that 80,000 who, did they but dare confess it, half hoped for and half dreaded an accident. Of course they didn't want anyone to be killed or even hurt, but, if it did happen, they wanted to be where they could see it. Last year a mechanic was killed opposite the grand stand. To-day we in the pits see nothing so thrilling. Up on the north curve we hear the McFarlan car, No. 23, has blown a tire and skidded into the wall, sideswiping off two wheels—but she didn't turn over, and Marquette was uninjured. Over on the east side, too, the No. 1 Stutz turned a back somersault, but Anderson happily escaped with his man. The only excitement of the sort the grand stand has, however, is when the red Simplex comes in afire. Her red uniformed crew



Cocky Wilcox pulling away from the repair pit after changing tires

look more like devils than ever, but one squirt of the fire extinguisher puts out the flames and saves her, though she soon drops out of the race. The Marquette-Buick, one of a flock of fast flyers, too, has burned her insides. The Marquette-Buick is out of the running, so is the Lozier, the Firestone-Columbus, both Cases, and the Lexington. There are now twelve cars running. Twelve places are to be

rewarded. Every car, if it can only hold together and finish, is sure of the money. The least prize is \$1,000.

But we must pay attention to the race. Let the crowds across in the seven-dollar seats of the grand stand open their luncheon baskets and their champagne and beer, we in the pit must study our cars and stop watches. But it must be confessed that there is little suspense. The order of the procession has not changed much for two or three hundred miles. First, De Palma in his Mercedes; second, Joe Dawson in the National stock car; third, Tetzlaff in his Fiat; fourth, Mertz in a Stutz; fifth, Hughie Hughes driving the Mercer. The National camp is not quite sure of Joe's position, some timing him for second place, some for third. It is hard to keep track exactly. The Stutz people are sure they are running fourth. There is a man for every entry upon the long score board, putting up cars for every lap, and the places are telephoned to it from the judges' stand. But the horograph and the adding machines have not yet checked up the exact times. Last year, after thirty-six hours' solid work in the office, the positions were changed. It won't be so to-day; the first five cars now running have kept their positions so steadily that little change is expected.

De Palma and Mulford are running the race without relief drivers, but the Na-



The automobile parkway space, with a turn of the course in the background



The flying start of the race

## In the Pit

(Continued from page 26)

tionals are not willing to risk any driver for the whole long 500 miles without rest or food. Few, indeed, can stand it; it is too hard on nerve and muscle. Barney Oldfield, the veteran of the game, in shepherd's plaid with a monogram on his shirt and BO for a belt buckle, says no one can stand it successfully. A driver may get out of his car at the end of the race smiling and cool; he may say he is as fresh as ever, but inevitably the long strain must tell on any man. He can still drive fast perhaps, but he cannot drive wisely—the brain loses its quick reaction, and the man becomes mechanical, a bit apathetic. It must be so, but De Palma still hurtles on without rest.

Both Cocky and Joe of the Nationals, however, have been relieved. Rader takes the big racer, and Don Herr drives No. 8 for ninety miles. In the big Fiat, Caleb Bragg is driving, allowing Tetzlaff to eat, while Knipper relieves Mertz, who has been driving a beautiful and consistent race in the smooth-running, graceful Stutz—much to the relief, too, we imagine, of Mrs. Mertz, for Charley has more than once had a narrow escape from death. He was a National man, but the company will not allow married men to drive for them.

### BURMAN'S MISHAP

AT 380 miles the order is 4, 8, 3, 15, 28, 21—Mercedes, National, Cutting, Stutz, Mercer. Soon, Burman is missing, and a rumor starts and sweeps over the entire Speedway that he has had an accident. There is some magic about this swift-flying gossip. It is as if a breeze bore the news—one can watch its progress leaping along the stands. Simultaneously, from all parts of the enclosure, men start running toward the south. How, in heaven's name, did they know—and so soon? It is telepathy. The ambulance gallops across the emergency road, and after a while we see it drive slowly back toward the hospital. Word passes from lip to lip that the Cutting has taken a tumble. First a right, then, almost instantly, a left tire, blowing out, caught Burman trying to keep from skidding, and he was thrown out. Luckily he is not badly hurt, but he has two nasty wrists to show for it, and is bandaged up. So they drop out one by one.

Toward one o'clock it begins to get hot. The bricks have now warmed up, and cars begin to come in for new tires. How jaded, how dirty, the men look! Sweaty, too. Occasionally a tire blows up in front of the grand stand with a pistol shot that startles the girls, and the poor unfortunate car has to go two and a half miles on a flat shoe. Already the knowing manufacturers are comparing notes on the English wire-spoked wheels. The Mercer car blew her tires, but the wire wheels did not collapse, and the car did not overturn.

The tire trouble, which was expected to affect this race more than any other cause of delay, will apparently hardly figure at all in the result. To a large extent this is due to the cool weather, but much must be attributed to an improvement in the manufacture of the tires since last year. Everyone agrees that they are better. The precise age of the shoe itself also counts largely in its efficiency. If it is too old it deteriorates and blows out. The rubber is soft, however, in a too-new tire, and will wear out rapidly. The National team will not permit a single tire to blow out, but, in spite of its anxiety to win, is replacing them as fast as badly worn. Several have been so changed, which last year would have been kept on several laps longer.

Owing to the monotonous order of the first five cars, our interest has lapsed in the race, but now our attention is re-

newed; we are nearing the end. Joe Dawson, after an hour of sandwiches and ice water and gossip, is now back on the track refreshed. Cocky Wilcox, too, is back, and is putting poor valve-weak No. 9 ahead for all she is worth, to get a "place." Don Merr, keen as a wildcat, is watching the car he drove so well. He has more real interest in the race than all the others in the pit. There are now two races being run: one for the first three places, the others, far behind the leaders, trying for fourth place, or at least for records and what money they can earn.

### CHEERS FOR THE FAVORITE

SOON after the four-hundredth mile, finding that Joe Dawson is spinning round the track in about 1 minute 50 seconds, Johnnie Aitken, as No. 8 passes, gives a hand signal to take it easier. Joe is now in second place, De Palma seven laps ahead of him, and the Fiat car eleven laps behind. It's no use trying to catch the Mercedes car, she's too fast. Joe must keep ahead of the other and save his car.

De Palma has only six laps to go now; he is passing us on his one hundred and ninety-fifth. He is sure to win; he has driven wonderfully. And well he deserves a victory, poor fellow, for, although he has won many short races, his bad luck is famous. In two long-distance races he has broken down while in the lead and within a dozen or so miles of the finish. He has driven with broken tendons; he has fractured a thigh on the track. He has been pitched and ditched and disappointed time and again, but he has always been game. The grand stand wants him to get his first long-distance winning to-day and the prizes that will go with it. They are cheering him on, and he is driving a terrible pace. Why so fast? Thirty-five thousand dollars is in sight—no mean reward! He has been going over ninety miles an hour—his car is good for a hundred and twenty, but it takes it out of her; he ought to be careful. But it's a sure thing now, and the crowd is getting bored and is about ready to leave. The baskets are packed, all the cigars are smoked up. No more champagne. Well, the Nationals are satisfied with the race as it stands. Second place is worth \$20,000, almost what it has cost them to prepare for the grind, and it will be won by a stock car, a feather in any company's cap. So, with the experience already in hand and the money in sight, the Nationals are ready to root for De Palma, whose luck seems at last to have changed. Here he comes now! Give him a cheer, boys.

### DE PALMA IS "MISSING"

HE flashes past, to the eyes of a layman no different than he had passed 195 times before to-day. But what on earth is the matter? A chorus of yells from the pits is running down the line like a bolt of lightning. Then, almost simultaneously, a howl from the grand stand, a mighty rustling like the wind in the forest before a storm. The pitmen wave and talk excitedly; in the boxes across the way men are rising all over the place, babbling like madmen; women, too, are almost hysterical. People crane their necks, field glasses are ripped out of their cases, the crowd points and stares. De Palma is "missing"! He is "hitting three"!

Except in Detroit, perhaps, this mental reaction could have come so swiftly in no other city in the wide world. But Indianapolis is motor-wise. It is a city of the working, not the idle, rich. Men have earned their money with their skill of hand and brain, not in speculation, and mechanical instinct is in the blood, from the wealthy manufacturer down to the prettiest manicure girl. Indianapolis

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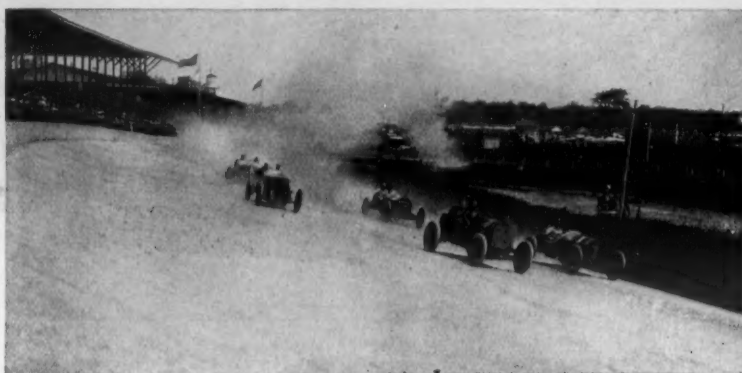
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A brush on the curve just after passing the stand

## In the Pit

(Continued from page 27)

know the automobile game right down to the last cotter pin.

De Palma was "hitting three"! What does it mean to you, who sit idly in the tonneau, whose chauffeur and garage man and repair shop exploit your ignorance and laugh at you behind your back? And if it does mean anything, can you tell it when you hear it? I doubt it. Can you tell it from "hitting four"?

CHARGING AT 90 MILES AN HOUR

THE exhaust of that Mercedes, inexpressibly rapid, mingles its noise with a dozen different clankings of the engine; to the uninitiated its harsh, rattling, vicious spitting bark is still no different, but in twenty seconds every person on the field knows that one of her cylinders is missing fire. Her power is cut down a quarter part. Instantly the whole aspect of the race is changed. Across the way everyone is standing up. Johnnie Aitken, with a yell of joy, rushes to the telephone and calls up the back stretch. "De Palma is missing! Tell Joe to scoot!" But almost before he has dropped the receiver, and the Nationals, grinning like hungry wolves, have run for the pit edge, Joe comes galloping along like the devil's charioteer, driving No. 8 now till she shrieks over the bricks. Wild Aitken waves him on with a mad fling of his arm. The pit men dance and hug each other. There's a howling pandemonium along the whole line of pits. The dark-blue car, square-shouldered and ugly, jumping like a frightened colt, has gone past, charging at the curve now with an open throttle at ninety miles an hour. Skid and swerve, Joe's the boy to hold her to it. No quarter now for little No. 8. Do or die. All the world will hear of you to-night, Joe! Make her or break her, and take a chance.

DAWSON TAKES THE LEAD

DE PALMA'S luck! Here he comes; get your watch ready! 2.05, and still she's hitting three. The Brooklyn boy's heart is broken, but he daren't stop. No time now for repairs. It's too late. In the Mercedes pit, next to ours, the men are weeping and cursing. We hold our breaths and pray. The impossible has happened. That one thing upon which no man can count—luck—has come into De Palma's race and ruined him. Perhaps he may still limp through, but our No. 8 has hardly twenty miles to go. Joe comes past again, riding a north wind, and hurls himself at the curve without "cutting out," he reels round the semicircle and is out of sight.

What is happening to De Palma? The man on the back stretch says he's getting worse. There he comes down the straightaway, and we dare not hope for the miracle. Good Lord, she's hitting only two! Every ear is strained, eyes are no good for such fine work. Yes, it's true. It is his one-hundred-and-ninety-seventh lap—only seven and a half miles more. Can he make it? Can he even finish second? The old Fiat, steady as a locomotive, thunders by; good luck has hit her, too, hit her to the tune of \$5,000 difference in winnings. Good luck has pushed every other car up one notch.

Joe Dawson flies past and past like a whirligig, going two laps to the Mercedes's one. Now he has caught up to De Palma's record; he is in first place. Johnnie Aitken, leaning far over the counter of the pit, slows him down, now, to 1.45. We're safe, and the pace may be too much for No. 8 to stand.

Again he is given the signal, for Joe has been traveling in such fast company the last hour it's hard to reform.

At last De Palma shows up on the stretch again, fighting despair. Only one cylinder is left now; anyone can tell the difference by this time. He turns in toward his pit, but his men wave him on. The dying car is refused the hospital. Ride her to death, De Palma; let her die on the track! The trouble is too serious; it is dangerous, fatal, to stop now, for she couldn't be cranked up if once her engine stopped. De Palma must fight for every inch he can get. Surely he can finish if he barely crawls in. Well, he is crawling, sure enough.

But by this time Joe Dawson has all but won. If our count is right and the score board right, he has but two more laps to go. Everybody is watching for the starter's green flag now to signal the last lap. There it is; a roar goes up. Two and a half miles of joy ride; then, almost before we know it, Joe is back again, and the black-and-white-checked flag is waved. *The National's* little No. 8 comes in first!

REWARD AND DISAPPOINTMENT

THE prize offered by the management is \$20,000; there are prizes offered by makers of accessories amounting to \$15,000 more. There's big money for twenty-one-year-old Joe, who will get a generous percentage of the winnings. But why does Johnnie still wave him on? Isn't the race finished? Yes, but the score isn't officially announced by the timekeepers. Remember last year, when cars' places were changed by the adding machines. Better be on the safe side; do two more laps, Joe, and then come in and be slapped on the back, punched, hugged, yelled over till you look sheepish.

There's a spot on the upper turn. Is it the overturned McFarlan car? No, it's moving. A car but barely crawling. Will De Palma win out a place and a record after all? A hush falls over the crowd. De Palma and his mechanic are pushing in their car by hand! In the hope that this might be his last lap and he would make a place—a delusive hope, since the rules demand that a car shall use only her own power—poor Ralph tugs and tugs and pushes at the heavy car. His eyes stare glassily out from the grime of his face, the sweat drips from him as if he had been in swimming. It is terrible. There is a roar of applause from the spectators. Applause, that's all! After such a splendid defeat the girls should have pelted him with flowers; they should have jumped from the grand stand, carried him off the track—kissed him alive again! Not a person moved; his own pit men even did not raise their arms to help him. So, grinning sardonically and gazing in despair, Ralph De Palma plays his bitter tragedy out, shoves poor old No. 4 off the track and disappears. Could a more dramatic, a more ironic end to the race possibly be conceived? De Palma's luck!

ORDER OF FINISH

FOR the end it was, so far as the spectators were concerned. The rest was anticlimax. The Fiat came in an easy second, in 6 hours 31 minutes 29 seconds, winning \$10,000, and the Mercer third in 6 hours 33 minutes 9 seconds, with \$5,000 to the good. The others, in their order, were: Fourth, the Stutz; fifth, Schacht; sixth, Stutz; seventh, White; eighth, Lozier; ninth, National; tenth, Knox. Mulford, driving the tailender, did not finish till seven o'clock, when the Speedway was deserted except for the impatient judges and sandwich-eating timers, weary from their long vigil.

The unexpectedly theatrical drama of

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## In the Pit

(Concluded from page 28)

De Palma's defeat will help the next competition, showing how closely a car may win. The incident, too, will adorn many a tale and point many a moral. One thing is emphasized, a platitude of motor racing: the race is won before it starts. A good driver with a good car, good generalship, and a factory behind it should always win—and would, were it not for that one unknown element, *luck*, whose

strains and stresses no man can calculate. The picture of De Palma pushing his own car home no witness will ever forget. Many will, no doubt, feel as if, virtually, De Palma was the real winner. But it is not so. There's nothing in the race but the finish, and Joe Dawson finished first. Had De Palma failed at one hundred miles it would have been no different in justice or sentiment.

## A Premium on Tax Lying

(Concluded from page 16)

This appears to have been the noble origin of the Smith Law. There is another account of its origin, still more unworthy, which may have considerable truth in it, but as practically concerning Ohioans alone, I need not trouble to repeat. The lure of the one per cent flat rate has been dangled under the taxpayers' noses for a year; but personal property in the State of Ohio remains as elusive and inscrutable as ever. In many cases boards of review have arbitrarily raised assessments; but the gentle suasion of the Smith Law has failed to check human nature's tendency to dodge taxes on personal property. The velvet hand of a low flat rate is no more effective than the mailed fist of penalty or the sneaking foot of espionage. The Smith Law has merely put a one per cent limit on lying.

Summed up, the Smith Law is immoral as the principle of the general-property tax itself. It is the most stupidly reactionary formulation that the general-property tax has had. As a revenue producer—well, ask any school board in Ohio what the prospects are for next session; or ask any city auditor what the prospects are for next year's municipal budget. Absurd in theory, incorrect in principle, crude and inflexible in its disregard for inevitable differences in local conditions, the Smith Law is an entrenched enemy of progress. And it is a popular law. Go up and down the State of Ohio and you will find a majority of taxpayers in its favor. Why? Because it has cut down the net amount of their taxes.

### POPULAR BECAUSE A FAILURE

THE manager of a small industrial plant tells me that whereas the Board of Review had this year arbitrarily raised the assessed valuation of the plant's personal property by several thousand dollars, the low rate had caused the net amount of his taxes to be considerably lower. Last year his actual tax bill was about \$800; this year about \$650.

Last year he paid \$6 on his own personal property; this year, on a higher assessed valuation, he paid \$4.

So the Smith Law's very failure as a revenue producer explains its popularity. The Ohio farmer is (at present, anyway) its staunch friend. As a direct appeal to individual selfishness and cupidity, as a scheme to win the favor of farmers by illegitimate means—by means that are flagrantly and immorally inconsistent with Ohio's own pet principle of the general-property tax—the Smith Law stands unapproachable.

I was in Columbus on March 19 when some 200 county auditors and boards of review were in convention there. The

State Tax Commission had called them together to "devise a method of obtaining a more complete return of personal property." I followed these proceedings with interest—all the interest that you would feel if you found yourself in the same town with a great convention called to "devise a method" of squaring the circle, annihilating gravitation, or raising the dead. I hoped to be the humble herald of the genius who would make the glory of Galileo or Newton look like a tallow candle in the Milky Way. But I was disappointed—he did not arise.

### A DESPONDING ADMISSION

ON the contrary, one member of a board of review came before the convention with the desponding statement that "sixty per cent of what people who appear before taxing officials say can be depended upon to be untrue." He advised the taxing boards "to gain the confidence of the public and the owners of large companies and impress upon them that all were to be treated alike." This, he said, was the best method he knew.

Governor Harmon sent a letter, saying that "the success of our tax reform in Ohio has been extraordinary, but it would have been much greater except for the failure to secure a more efficient system for the yearly appraisal of personal property."

He observed, further, that "there is nothing as wholesome and necessary as the rule of absolute equality among the classes; and our tax reform cannot be complete until the personal duplicate (assessment roll) is brought up to an equality with other sorts of property."

I commend the foregoing to the attention of those who think the literature of taxation is destitute of humor.

But now, why have I insisted on telling this story to you who do not live in Ohio? Because the Smith Law is a conspicuously foolish and ruinous attempt to enforce the general-property tax; and that tax is in the Constitution of your State. In whatever degree enforced, that tax—the plaything of the rich, the scourge of the poor, mother of mendacity and perjury, dead weight on industry, menace to progress—that tax is in the Constitution of nearly every State in the Union.

### CONSIDER OHIO

GET rid of it. Consider Ohio, and get rid of it. The greatest constitutional reform to-day is one that secures absolute freedom of the taxing power. A blank page in the Constitution is a hard proposition for the Supreme Court to interpret. Think of Ohio and then abolish the constitutional provision for a general-property tax—and then leave the page blank.

## Gleams—By Edwin Björkman

Nothing is all, not even love; but love is in all, and without it all is as nothing.

Love is no longer what it was in the beginning. On the foundation of an instinct which man has in common with the beast the race mind has reared a temple of exquisite proportions, where dwells in mystic seclusion the highest of all human ideals.

Each pair of lovers who felt their hearts thrill with its sweet pangs; each poet who sang of it most tenderly when he missed it most; each rough warrior who tried to hold it captive only to find its strength surpassing his own; each man of affairs who learned with bitterness that he might buy all things but this one, including a woman to be the mother of his offspring; each philosopher who realized too late

that his chase after smaller truths had lost him the greatest one life has to offer—all these have helped to make love human by raising it from the material to the spiritual plane.

Prudery may be used as a stick while man is climbing the steep road to sexual cleanliness. In the purer air above it serves only to remind him of the noxious vapors left behind.

Can you steer the flying gossamer or gather the breath of the budding rose? No more can you compel love in its coming or its going.

To use love for amusement is not much wiser than to play ball with dynamite: somebody is sure to get hurt sooner or later.

## HELPFUL HINTS



## PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF FOOD VALUES ITS APPLICATION IN DAINTY DISHES

ONE of the interesting results of the general discussion of food values is the wide-spread revival and popularity of that old friend of our grandmother's day—Kingsford's Corn Starch.

While it is probable that Corn Starch is known to some extent in every home the average housewife has little idea of the great variety of its many uses and the delicious desserts so easily made with it. Try these recipes, being sure to cook the custard thoroughly as instructed.

**Blanc Mange.** Six level tablespoons Kingsford's Corn Starch, one-quarter cup cold milk, one-quarter cup sugar, pinch salt, two and one-quarter cups scalded milk, one teaspoonful vanilla. Stir corn starch and cold milk together adding sugar and salt. Pour the scalded milk slowly on the first mixture and stir till thickened. Cook in double boiler twelve minutes. Add vanilla, stir well and turn into wet mould to set.

**For Chocolate Blanc Mange** melt one square of bitter chocolate over hot water and make smooth with hot milk and add to the rest of the corn starch and milk. Sweeten to taste.

**Lemon Meringue Pie.** One cup sugar, juice and grated rind of one large lemon (or two small ones), piece of butter size of an egg and two cups boiling water. Put on stove and let come to a boil, then move to back of stove and add three level tablespoons of Kingsford's Corn Starch which has been dissolved in one egg and yolk of a second egg thoroughly beaten. Put on the front of the stove and boil for two minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into crust which has been previously baked.

**Use white of second egg for meringue.**  
**Pie Crust.** Three-fourths cup of flour, one-fourth cup Kingsford's Corn Starch, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half cup lard (or half butter and half lard if preferred). Chop and mix with a knife, only using the hands to toss lightly together. (Never knead pie dough or it will be tough.) Moisten with 3 tablespoonfuls of ice water, only just enough to roll out. Use as little dry flour as possible in the process.

There is scarcely an item in the family grocer's list that is at once so nutritious and economical as corn starch—but for the best results it will be well to see that Kingsford's Corn Starch is supplied and not an inferior substitute.

Other interesting recipes will appear later in this column or you can address Kingsford's, New York City, for a complete cook book of dainty desserts which will be sent free.

## THE EXPERIENCED LAUNDRESS GIVES ADVICE TO THOSE WITH LAUNDRY TROUBLES

WASHING and ironing should not be anything like the task that they are made in many households. In fact, intelligently done there is little worry and the results are a delight to the housewife.

A great deal depends on the selection of the right materials. Starch for instance has everything to do with your success. Good starch will actually improve the appearance of bad washing and poor starch will do much to ruin the appearance of the most thoroughly washed fabric.

Take the dainty whiteness and lightness in lingerie waists and fine underwear—it is really as much a result of good starching as perfect washing. All starch will stiffen fabrics, cheap starches stain because the minerals have not been removed and they leave tell-tale spots on the clothes.

The sure way is to insist on Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch. This starch is always pure, clean and uniform. You can depend on it absolutely. Kingsford's has been used by good laundresses for three generations as the reliable starch for hot or cold starching and for all kinds of work coarse or fine.

For boiled starch mix Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch in cold water till the starch is thoroughly dissolved and perfectly smooth. Then add the boiling water until it is of correct consistency and becomes clear. Add a little blue—taking care to mix it thoroughly and carefully. Rub the starch into the fabric very thoroughly for one of the secrets of good starching is getting the starch into the goods. After the starch is cooked thin it down with cold water for fine lingerie. Dry the clothes in open air, sprinkle carefully and iron with clean irons.



## CANNING OF FRUIT JELLY MAKING JAMS AND PRESERVES

Send for free booklet of directions and recipes.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO. Dept. KK, Box 161, New York



## KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH Standard since 1848

DAINTY desserts are easy to make with Kingsford's Corn Starch—delicious Custards, Charlottes, Blanc Mange, and Puddings. You need the extreme purity and delicacy of Kingsford's for these desserts. Ordinary corn starch won't do. Kingsford's costs no more. Why take any risk with inferior substitutes?

Send for Cook Book KK-168 of the best recipes you ever tried. It's free—just send your name on a post card.

T. KINGSFORD & SON National Starch Co., Suc'rs Oswego, N. Y.

## KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO SILVER GLOSS STARCH

To have the clothes iron up white and crisp use this pure natural lump starch. It may cost a little more in the box but measure the amount used and the results obtained as against other starches and you save by using it.

Kingsford's Oswego Silver Gloss—known to fine Laundresses everywhere—and to three generations of American housekeepers as the ever reliable starch for hot or cold starching and for all kinds of work, coarse or fine.

Insist on Kingsford's Oswego Silver Gloss Starch. See that your grocer delivers it—see that your laundress uses it. Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb. and 6 lb. boxes. T. Kingsford & Son National Starch Co., Suc'rs Oswego, N. Y.



# R-C-H "Twenty-Five"



## To Automobile Dealers

We want dealers in one thousand more towns for 1913. You want the car that is easiest to sell—that offers the best assurance of present profit and lasting success.

In other words, we need each other; and we ask that you write us at once, giving us particulars of your past experience and present connections.

The general public has shown an appreciation of the R-C-H which justifies an increase in our output to 30,000 cars for the coming season.

This year our production was exhausted with R-C-H dealers in a little over one-third of the desirable selling centers.

We want an R-C-H dealer actively at work in every county in the United States; for there is scarcely a county from which we have not received letters of inquiry from prospective buyers; there is no place reached by the printed page where our extensive advertising has not familiarized the people with the wonderful value of the R-C-H.

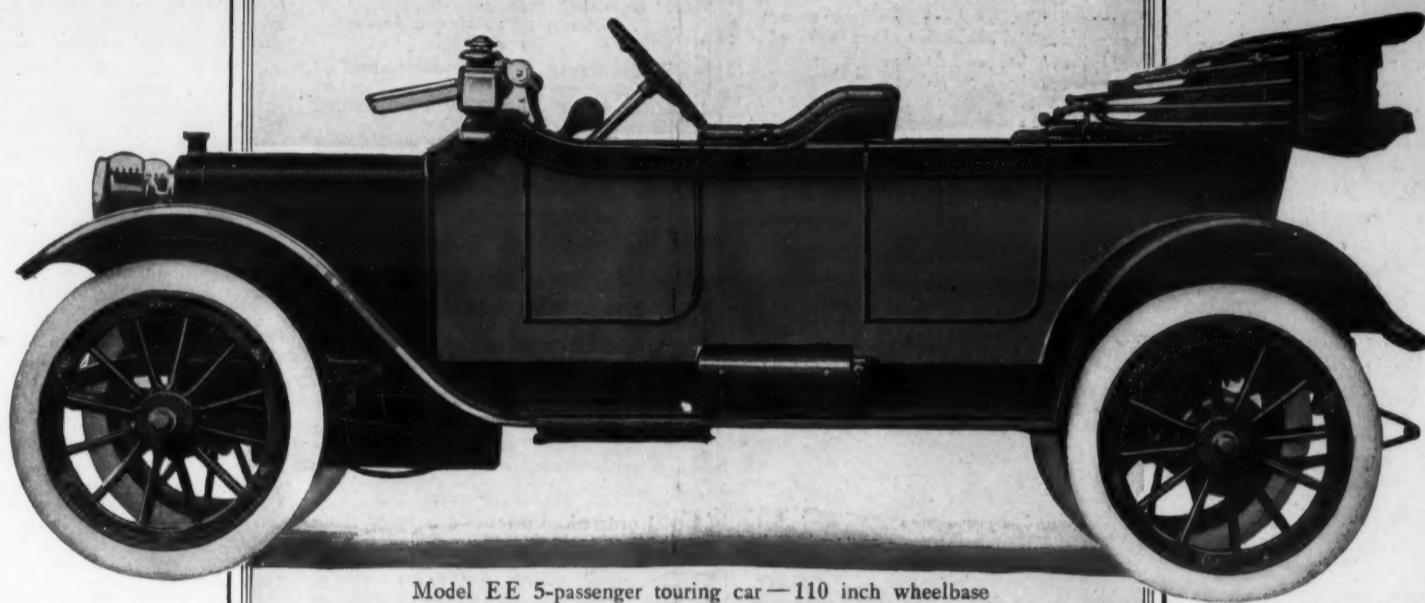
The prices, specifications and equipment of the R-C-H are shown on the opposite page.

Frankly, do you know of any other car on the market which gives so much value per dollar? To the man who is considering a car under one thousand dollars, the R-C-H offers far more than this figure has ever bought before.

And the man who is considering a car at twice the price may well pause, and think whether the added cost will bring him any essential which the R-C-H does not afford.

We urge that you write us promptly; for we have had as many as half a dozen applications from the same town, all of them desirable men.

# R-C-H "Twenty-Five"



Model EE 5-passenger touring car — 110 inch wheelbase

## TOURING CAR—MODEL EE

**\$900**

F. O. B. DETROIT

32x3½ tires, demountable and quick detachable rims, extra rim, Bosch magneto, gas tank, windshield, lamps, horn, tools and kit; and the famous Jiffy Curtains, adjusted in an instant, making the car entirely weather proof. Long stroke motor, three speeds, enclosed valves.

## ROADSTER—MODEL EE

**\$750**

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Specifications and equipment same as Model EE Touring Car, except that wheelbase is 86 inches. The Roadster is roomy, comfortable and exceptionally easy to handle in narrow roads.

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**Imitated, but Not Duplicated**

There are plenty of imitations, but there's none like the genuine "Porosknit"—guaranteed without time-limit or condition. Examine genuine "Porosknit" and see the difference in the way it is made. Turn the garments inside out and note how strongly the seams are re-inforced, seamed and cover-seamed. Notice the tape re-inforcement of heat seam and opening of drawers. Observe the large double seat. Look for the actual "Porosknit" label as shown here and the Guarantee Bond—proof of quality—with each garment.

There's wonderful comfort and pleasure in wearing "Porosknit" Union Suits—only one thickness at waist, you know—and made to stay buttoned while on. Light, cool, elastic and durable. Try it.

For Men 50c Any Style  
Shirts and undershirts  
your guarantee.

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WRITE today for the illustrated book telling about Mount Clemens and its wonderful healing waters.

For more than half a century these waters have gushed from the heart of the earth and hundreds of thousands who have come from the four corners of the world have been benefited by them.

**The Baths of Mount Clemens Are Famous The World Over**

But Mount Clemens is more than nature's most efficient sanitarium—It is one of the most enticing of America's pleasure resorts—Conveniently located in the midst of the lakes and forests of Michigan—Away from the rush and heat of the city—Yet within a few hours of almost half the population of the country.

There is fishing to entice you—and boating—There is hunting and motoring—The forest, the lake and the river combine to call you to Mount Clemens—and the wonder working waters promise health and vigor when you get there.

**Splendid hotels and boarding houses—and at very moderate prices**

Only 20 miles from Detroit—Fast Interurban service—Reached direct by the Grand Trunk Railroad.

Write for the book illustrating and describing Mount Clemens and its famous baths—write today.

**THE BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION**  
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MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH.

## Brickbats & Bouquets

SECRETARY WILSON may be as bad as he is painted, but it seems rather peculiar that the supporters of Roosevelt—principal among which is *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*—are the chief accusers of the aged Secretary, when Roosevelt himself, apparently, when President found no fault with him.

—Fessenden (N. Dak.) Press.

There is an easy possibility of taking issue with *COLLIER'S* on some subjects, but in the matter of bogus medicines and cure-all fakers only the vendors of the stuff could do this.

—Los Angeles (Cal.) Tribune.

Readers are advised to see *COLLIER'S* and form their own opinions.

—Athens (Pa.) Medical Journal.

Responsibility for the deterioration of food products is laid at the door of womankind by Honoré Willsie, writing in a recent issue of *COLLIER'S*.

—Springfield (Ohio) Sun.

SEATTLE, WASH.

The great work that you have done in an effort to protect afflicted and suffering humanity from being ravaged and preyed upon by the ignorant and fraudulent, has awakened the minds and stimulated the energies of thousands of people who were in the dark before.

You have made history. The results will be world-wide and everlasting.

(Dr.) J. HOWARD SNIVELY.

*COLLIER'S WEEKLY* sued Mr. Post of the "Postum" and "Toasties," etc., for libel and got a verdict of \$50,000. The case went up to the Appellate Court and has been reversed on a technicality and a new trial ordered. *COLLIER'S* has made about all there is in it, by its exploitation of the verdict, and the case may be dropped. The moral effect of the first verdict pushes aside all technicalities, and that is enough, or ought to be, for the plaintiff in the case.

—Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

GOLDENBURG, NEB.

I like your editorials better than anything I read, and I cannot remember that I have ever disagreed with you on an important issue, sometimes it does seem that you fellows are inspired, your news sense projects farther into the future than most.

And I almost forgot to tell you that if you feel doubtful of the correct course to follow in the Post case, take a poll of your subscribers and I know that they will want you to go on with the suit, and I, for one, would be willing to donate toward the cause. Go to him.

J. V. ROMIGH.

The exposure of the methods by which Taft delegates have been secured in the Southern States is another substantial service to the public to be credited to *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*.—H. J. CHASE in Providence (R. I.) Tribune.

*COLLIER'S WEEKLY*, which has done admirable work in exposing, week after week, the shameful way in which Federal officeholders have selected "hand-picked delegates" in several Southern States, says in its current issue that the Louisiana Federal campaign manager for the Taft forces has written to all Federal officeholders instructions to line up for Taft.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Citizen.

The men of the Southern delegations have been dragged into support of Taft—the proof uncontradicted and not capable of disproof has appeared in *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*.

—Richmond (Ind.) Palladium.

*COLLIER'S* has a certain independence, but its close relationship with the real leaders of the Roosevelt campaign make it practically certain that the plan to have Roosevelt head a third-party movement, with a Democrat on his ticket, is being seriously considered in the Roosevelt camp.—Fort Worth (Texas) Record.

*COLLIER'S WEEKLY*, whose political gyrations it is still difficult to understand, asks editorially whether Congress is going to

pass an act which will put the future of Alaska beyond doubt.

—Fresno (Cal.) Herald.

True, unerringly true, to its bourgeois instincts, *COLLIER'S* hits the nail squarely when it says: "No, it is not violence we need to ponder so much as prosperity." But when "prosperity" is analyzed it holds nothing for the slave. "Prosperity" is the bourgeois term for production, production implies profits, and when you say "Profits!" the entire capitalist system falls to its knees, to its belly, and crawls and squirms and kotows.

—New York Daily People.

A subject of the first importance has been taken up for discussion by *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* through Owen Johnson, the novelist.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Tribune.

*COLLIER'S WEEKLY* simply bubbles with rage in its denunciation of William R. Hearst for his attacks on Woodrow Wilson.—Fort Wayne (Ind.) News.

We do not hesitate to say that we believe the editorials appearing from time to time in *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* and like publications are doing more to educate the masses than any other medium extant.

—Sistersville (W. Va.) Review.

*COLLIER'S WEEKLY* is publishing a remarkably interesting series of vivid portraits of leading preachers.—Boston (Mass.) Christian Endeavor World.

I want to call your attention to the cover of *COLLIER'S* for May 25 and ask you frankly if you think it uplifting for the men and boys whom we reach through our reading rooms?

OLOF GATE.

Young Men's Christian Association, Dayton, Ohio.

We have for some years been an admirer and reader of your valued paper and believe that in the main you stand for things that are right and clean. We must, however, say frankly that in our estimation you have lowered the tone of your paper by the disgusting front cover page on your number dated May 25.

GEO. C. HUBERT, General Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association, Hartford, Connecticut.

We have heard a good deal this year about Charles Dickens, but not a word about Browning until we picked up last week's issue of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* and found that there at least the poet of optimism was not forgotten. It is strange that the Browning clubs should have overlooked the occasion; or are they all dead?

—New York Town and Country.

*COLLIER'S WEEKLY* evidently is making no bids for increased circulation among the colored brethren.

—Marietta (Ohio) Register-Leader.

The editorial page of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* is stimulating. It has many delights. The wide range of its editor's reading and reflection has presented to the first acquaintance of this editorial staff "the tragic poet Parodi." Blushes may be due with the confession. "This modern Greek who used French as his medium" should probably be known and loved in this office.—Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

In 1906 *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* published an article written by Louis D. Brandeis of Boston entitled "Wage Earners' Life Insurance." Mr. Brandeis criticized what he termed "the appalling waste in industrial insurance, as furnished by the insurance companies," and he advocated as a remedy the establishment of savings-bank insurance. That was the first time savings-bank insurance was advocated, and apparently Mr. Brandeis's suggestion fell upon fallow ground so far, at least, as Massachusetts was concerned, for soon after the publication of his article the Massachusetts Savings Insurance League was formed, with former Governor W. L. Douglas as its president, and many other well-known men in its list of officers.

—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

## The Paths of Judgment

(Continued from page 20)

him with; some way he had a feeling that Lanagan always knew just a trifle more than he told. He passed back the box. "But it's an even break. Nobody's seen him. Here's his picture."

Lanagan studied the front and profile of a young man of twenty-six, a face of surprising frankness and honesty. Every line held to Lanagan's critical eye the lie to the number striped across his breast; another feature of our brilliant American police system that puts the rogue's gallery blazon on a man before he is tried.

As Lanagan passed out, his eye fell on the bulletin board in the detectives' room. The last discharge slip from San Quentin was pasted upon it, the slip by which all police stations are supposed to keep in touch with prisoners discharged during the past month. But through long familiarity few of the detectives stop to read carefully. More from habit than anything else, Lanagan read those sheets as a preacher reads the book—he scanned it.

The fifth name on the list caught his eye: Ephraim Miller, alias Thad Miller, alias Thornton Miles, alias Iowa Slim; assault to murder; twenty-five years. The slip was dated the first—five days back. There was little chance of its being read now. Swift as a lightning flash Lanagan had formed his theory. His mind leaped back to the meeting with Miller in front of the Palace. Ephraim and Thaddeus; they were old-fashioned names. Then there was the "Thad."

Miller had been from San Quentin but four days; Miser Miller's fear had been on him but a few days. Possibly this was a wayward son, some unrecognized offspring, some family skeleton recrudescing; perhaps it was this convict who had brought that fear into the eyes of Thaddeus Miller!

IT was a long, fine chance; but the most brilliant of newspaper successes are scored on long, fine chances. Lanagan determined to take it. He "rapped" to the hunch, as he used to style it; under the impulse of his new idea he was a human dynamo.

He was back in San Francisco within an hour, and headed straight for Billy Connors's Buckets of Blood, that famed rendezvous within a stone's throw of the Hall of Justice, where the leaders of the thieves' clans foregathered. There he waited an hour until "Kid" Monahan, popularly designated as King of the Pickpockets, came in. The Kid was now a fence. He had retired from the active practice of his profession after doing time twice. "Ain't there with the touch any more," he remarked sadly to Lanagan one day. He was, moreover, credited with being the man for an outsider to "see" who wanted to operate locally.

"Kid," said Lanagan, "I want you to find me Ephraim Miller, alias Thad Mills, alias Thornton Miles, alias Iowa Slim. Just out of San Quentin where he did twenty-five years for assault to murder."

"We don't keep no line on these old ones," retorted the "King" professionally. "But if he's goin' to report here he reports to me. It's pretty hard on us native sons with that reform bunch on the Police Commission and the sky pilots stuffing you guys on the papers full of knocks. There ain't no touch-off work bein' done around here by any travelers that we can help. When do you want him?"

"Meet me here to-night at ten. I must have him located by then."

LANAGAN had befriended the "King" once, and he held that illustrious gentleman's absolute loyalty. He knew the "King" would have a dozen men out in as many minutes.

Lanagan headed back for Oakland to round up the loose ends of the story. He found police headquarters jammed with newspaper men and the smell of many flash powders heavy on the air.

"All right, Mr. Lanagan of the 'Enquirer,'" quoth Henley. "You can talk to Watson now." His tone was triumph.

Watson had confessed. He was sitting in a chair in the Inspector's room, a huddled figure of misery. The mantle of age seemed to have settled on him overnight. Lanagan was a hard loser. He stepped over to the huddled man.

"Do you mean to tell me, Watson," he said so low that no one but Watson heard him; "do you mean to tell me that you are not lying, putting your neck in the noose—to save your wife?"

"No! No!" the denial was a shriek. "I killed him! I killed him for his money, I tell you!" He fell back, shivering.

Lanagan drove in on him. "You lie, I tell you," he hissed. "You lie! You fool! It's bound to come out! Tell the truth!"

"No, no," moaned Watson. "I did it alone. God! I can feel his skull crunching yet!"

"You've got more imagination than I credited you with," sneered Lanagan savagely. "That last was a good touch."

There was a hustle as Quinlan and Pryor came through the prison gates from the detainee cells surrounded by an eager coterie of newspaper men.

"We've got her, Inspector!" cried Quinlan with unprofessional feeling. "She's 'spilled.' Killed him herself, and says her husband is lying if he says he did it. They're both in it. We will have the whole thing now."

THE woman was then brought out after her official statement had been taken. Nothing that the newspaper men could do could shake her story. In substance she said that she had worked on the old man for months to have the will made out in her husband's favor. Knowing her husband was above such a deed, she planned and executed it alone. She had not had an opportunity to wash the hammer after she returned home, and only did so when the furor commenced. That was why it was still damp and why she had overlooked the two strands of incriminating gray hair.

The newspaper camera men snapped and exploded flashes; the inquisitorial circle broke up, and, Watson having been removed, the room was cleared of all save Henley, Mrs. Watson, and Lanagan.

"Through?" asked Henley sarcastically. "No," snapped Lanagan. "You say you killed this man. I say, Mrs. Watson, you're a liar. You no more killed that man than I did. You are lying to save your husband!"

His voice had risen; his aspect was fairly ferocious; his sallow face flushed to an unwholesome gray-blue; his eyes glowing again with that catlike phosphorescence that she had seen and quailed at once before.

But again he was doomed to disappointment at a breakdown, for again under the shock she collapsed after half rising to her feet with evident purpose to give him the lie as violently as he gave it to her.

WOMEN, Lanagan reflected, are like electric wires. They are drawn to carry just so much voltage. A little overplus and they burn out. Each time he had bullied the woman just as her nerves were at the breaking point.

The matron bustled in with a side compliment on Lanagan for his brutality, and lifted the limp form. Lanagan, bitterly chagrined at the events of the day, turned on his heel to return to San Francisco. On the ferry he broke a vow of six months and fell back on absinthe. He reached the office at seven o'clock, wrote steadily for two hours a story identical as he knew it would be with all the morning papers, and then went out.

The word was passed swiftly that Lanagan was drinking again, and I was released for the night to round him up and get him home—my usual assignment under the circumstances.

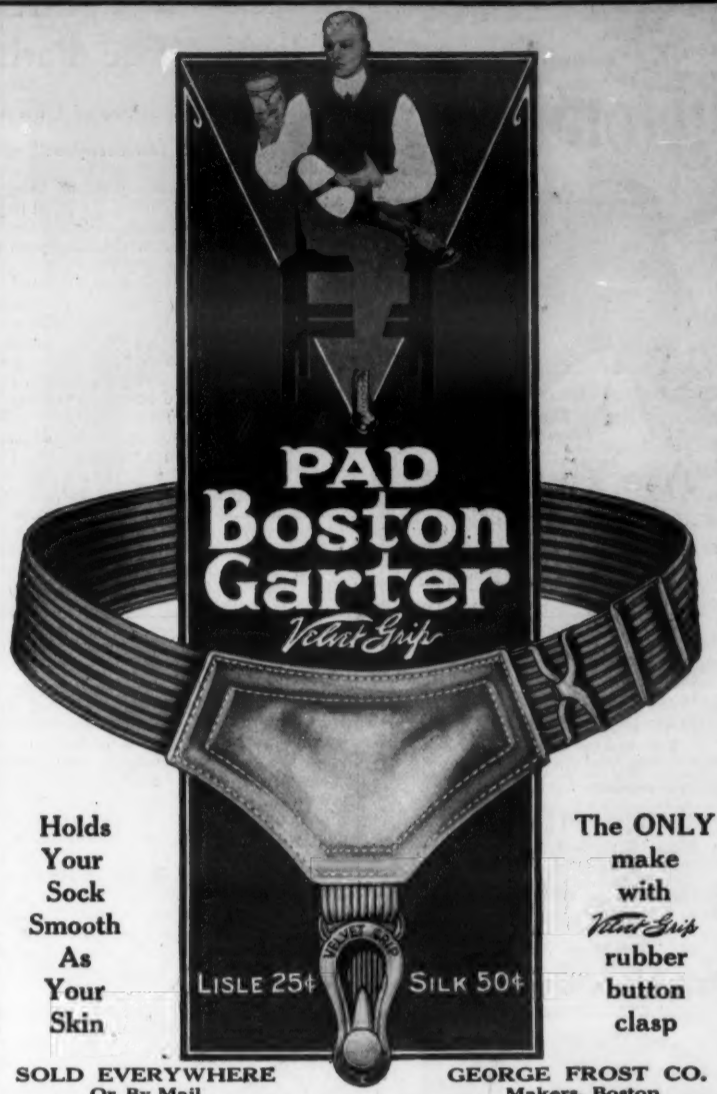
On the chance that some of the choice spirits that foregather at Connors's dive might have crossed his path, I dropped in there, and, to my unbounded relief, saw Lanagan himself at a table in deep conversation with "Kid" Monahan. I went over to his table, the "King" slipping out the side door. I had not Lanagan's penchant for camaraderie with that breed, and took little pains not to let him know it.

The old wild, reckless light shone from Lanagan's eyes, and I knew there was no measuring his stride that night, making pace or keeping it.

HE laughed aloud. "Art there, old true-penny?" and slapped my shoulder. He was in high feather with himself, that was clear. "Come. Have you got your gun?" I nodded.

"That's fine. Now for the grand 'fe-nale,' as Caesar says about his *pouce à la toscana*. And success to all hunches!" There was something besides absinthe burning back in those eyes.

Questions were useless, so I trailed along. At Macnamara's corner we picked



**PAD Boston Garter**  
*Velvet Grip*

Holds Your Sock Smooth As Your Skin

The ONLY make with *Velvet Grip* rubber button clasp

LISLE 25¢ SILK 50¢

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GEORGE FROST CO. Makers, Boston

## How proper lathering helps your razor

If you expect your razor to do its best—to cut clean, smooth and even—you must first soften your beard with the *right lather*.

The *right lather* has a double action on the beard, *necessary* to perfect softening. First the soap removes the natural oil which covers each hair—second, the water is thus allowed to reach the hair and thoroughly *moisten* the beard.

The *right lather* requires no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers because of this thorough moistening. The beard is quickly softened while the lather is being worked up on the face.

The *right lather* is Colgate's Shaving Lather because it is based on these correct principles of shaving—because it gives the *right result*—a cool, clean, comfortable shave.

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If you have foot troubles ask your shoeman about The Florsheim Flexsole or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

**Price \$6.00**

Most "Florsheim" Styles \$5.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

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**SMOOTHES SHIRT FRONT**

Because SHIRT-GAR (Shirt-Garter) fills a triple purpose at a single price it has found favor with the better dressed men.

**HOLDS SOX UP**

**HOLDS SHIRT DOWN**

**DOES NOT BIND THE LEG**

Worn with long or short drawers. Prevents shirt from bulging. Only Garter endurable with various styles.

Style B shown in illustration. Style A goes around leg. Style A or B in silk, 15c. Little 50c. Style C (with one strap for socks) 25c.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

At your dealers or send price and receive a pair postpaid.

**SHIRT-GARTER CO.**  
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SAME DULL FINISH SAME PERFECT FIT

SAME CORRECT STYLE SAME LINEN TEXTURE

All dealers. Collars, 25c; Cuffs, 50c. Style Book Free.

**THE ARLINGTON COMPANY**  
Established 1883 735 W. W. N. Y.

## The Paths of Judgment

(Continued from page 38)

up Brady and Wilson, two of Chief Leslie's trustiest men.

"Did the chief instruct you?" asked Lanagan.

"He said to report to you and keep our heads shut or tend daisies," replied Brady, the senior of the pair, and a cool and heady thief taker; also the champion pistol shot of the department.

"My man is Iowa Slim, wanted for murder. Is heavily armed and desperate. He's in the Tokio—Jap lodging house at Dupont and Clay. It looks like break the door and rush. Wilson, Norton, and I will take the door, and you, Brady, stand free of the rush and be ready to drop him if he shows fight. That is, Norton will—turning to me in his quizzical, bantering way, "—if he relishes the job!"

I DIDN'T relish the job. But, as usual, when he spoke to me in that superior, teasing way I blundered in valiantly where my native caution would have feared to tread. I am free to admit that I am of that branch of the profession that believes a reporter full of lead in peace or war is of very little use on earth, and certainly not elsewhere, to the paper that employs him.

In the shadows the detectives nonchalantly slipped their revolvers into their side coat pockets. Neither was cumbered by an overcoat; double-line your sack coat, the old-timers will tell you, but keep away from excess encumbrances where possible. One gallant officer in my time lost his life because he was two seconds delayed unbuttoning an overcoat for his gun.

Fifteen minutes later we assembled, one by one, at convenient corners to the Tokio, a foul-smelling, ramshackle affair. One by one we drifted in, slipped off our shoes and tiptoed up the stairs, Lanagan in the lead, Norton bringing up the rear.

LANAGAN paused before a corner door. He and Wilson braced against it. My bulk backed Wilson. Brady towered above us, standing free to have a clear sweep with both guns. He turned the light on full, taking every chance of making targets of us all for the one chance of getting a drop on Slim without bloodshed. From an adjacent room a clock ticked loudly; somebody rolled over in bed, and the sounds came so clearly that it seemed my heart must have beat as loudly as a trip hammer. Yet it was not exactly fear, as I recall it; it was a sort of nervous tension to have it over with if it had to come.

"Slim! Slim!" It was a soft, sibilant whisper, and I could scarcely believe my ears. It was Lanagan at the keyhole. Then he rapped four times in quick, soft staccato, and then four times more. Some code he had learned, possibly from Monahan.

There was a prolonged pause, and the sound of some one from within turning in bed, and another long pause. The strain on me was terrific. From the corner of my eye I caught the black muzzle of Brady's left-hand gun. It was as steady as though held in a vise, and I had time to marvel.

"Slim! Slim! They're after me! It's Larry Bowman's pal, Shorty!"

Another nerve-racking pause, and then at the very keyhole came through a soft, throaty whisper:

"Who?"

"Shorty Davis. Larry said you'd take me in. Quick, Slim, they're after me!"

A KEY grated, the knob turned. "Now!" hissed Lanagan, and with one mighty lurch we burst pell-mell into the room. I caught a flashing look at a slender, flannel-shirted figure with a week's growth of beard as Slim whirled a foot ahead of us and with one leap cleared the room and swung with a murderous, long-barreled Colt in his hand.

His leap was quicker than the spring of a cat. He shot from the hip, but Brady, posted to do just the trick he did, spoiled the shot. Slim's bullet ripped a two-inch hole through the floor as he crumpled down in a heap.

We stretched him upon the bed. He had got it in the lungs. Wilson started for the doctor.

"Remember," said Lanagan, "the chief's orders. You are not to talk. If it gets out, tell all reporters it's a detainee case. I'll answer for the rest."

A few gnomelike, corpselike, yellow faces peered from doors, but a flash from Brady's star sent them scurrying back.

The shot was apparently not heard in the street, for no one came.

Lanagan turned to Slim, who was choking.

"You know what you were wanted for, Slim?" he asked in as cool a voice as a surgeon might ask for your pulse.

"That Oakland job, I suppose," he gasped. "Well, boys, you did me a good turn croaking me. I never wanted to go back to that hell hole again. I did what I came out to do, what I've waited twenty-five years to do, and I'm ready to take my judgment. He sent me up there twenty-five years ago, and he murdered my father as surely as there is a God, who will some day dope it all out right according to a different scheme than they do here."

Gaspably, with many halts, he told his story. The surgeon came, shook his head, and devoted himself to keeping life until the story was taken down.

His father, a wealthy Iowan, had come to Thaddeus Miller's ranch thirty years ago, bringing with him his entire fortune for investment. The son Ephraim remained at school back home. At Miller's ranch the boy's father had been found in the well one day, drowned. A whisky bottle floated on the water beside him. His entire estate had been willed to Thaddeus Miller. In a sparsely settled community Thaddeus Miller's story had been accepted—that the brother, in drink, had stumbled into the well. The son had journeyed across the continent to find himself disinherited. He had always been told he was to be his father's heir. His father in Iowa had been a strict abstainer. So far as the son knew, he had never touched liquor. But his charge, that Thaddeus had in some fashion gotten his father intoxicated, forced him to sign a will, and then pitched him into the well with the bottle, while it created some natural excitement, could never be proved, and in the course of time became forgotten. In spite of a contest, the will stood.

Ephraim took to drink and fell in with evil companions. For petty offenses he was sentenced and earned his name of Iowa Slim. One night in liquor, fired with his wrongs, he determined to ransack Miller's house. He knew the old man kept a large amount of money concealed there. It was his, he believed, and he determined to have it. Miller had caught him. In the scuffle he beat his uncle and left him for dead, and in the stovepipe he had found a bag of gold. But as he was leaving the grounds, neighbors, driving along on the lonely country road, who had heard the first screams of the old man, surrounded him. The uncle prosecuted him with all the wealth and influence at his command, and the son, at the age of eighteen years, was sentenced to San Quentin for twenty-five years for assault to murder.

AS sentence was pronounced he had turned on his uncle and warned him that the day he was freed from prison he would come back and kill him. From time to time he had managed to send threats by discharged convicts, who carried the word with the unfailing obligation of the convict brotherhood. He had driven the old man from place to place.

He had lost track of him for an entire year, and was planning how best to locate him again when he unexpectedly met him face to face on the streets of San Francisco, followed him to his home, waited until the neighborhood was quiet, and then had stolen in, awakened the old man from sleep, and asked about his father's property. Under the fear of death Miller had made promise of restitution, but in an unguarded moment had said he "would make a new will." Slim demanded what he meant by a new will, and the uncle had confessed the will to the Watsons merely to cheat the nephew in case he had come back and fulfilled his courtroom threat. The uncle had kept count and knew to a day when Slim was to be released. Enraged beyond endurance at that, Slim had seized up the hammer and crushed the old man's head.

"But as I live," he breathed hoarsely, "the man was as good as dead before I hit him."

"Yes," Lanagan interrupted, "I know that, Slim."

SLIM looked at Lanagan with dull curiosity, but was too far gone to ask explanations, and he continued with his story, telling of sprinkling kerosene and touching it with a match. He then had gone to the Watson cottage, carrying the



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## The Paths of Judgment

(Concluded from page 34)

hammer, intending if the couple were not in to locate and destroy the will; and if they were to do double murder if necessary to get it. Miller had said they had it, an untruth, told evidently in the childish hope that Slim might leave him and search for it. While still waiting for an opportunity of entering the house, the smoldering fire had been discovered at the Miller cottage, and he had fled, the thought coming to him to leave the hammer on the Watson porch, not knowing the hammer belonged to them and had been borrowed by Miller. The arrest of the two for murder might pave the way for him to have his property restored as the next of kin to Miller.

He signed the confession laboriously, and the story was done.

"It's all right, cull," he said to Brady, dropping back to the vernacular. "You did me a good trick not sending me back. There ain't no hard feelings on my part."

He raised himself by a sudden effort, his eyes peering far, far away and beyond the sordid scene of his dissolution.

"I squared—all—accounts—dad—I square."

He dropped back on the pillow. The surgeon bent his head to Slim's breast, then slowly straightened up and drew the sheet over his face.

"Poor lad!" said Lanagan softly. "They will judge you differently there!"

THEN again the newspaper mind curled:

"Brady, you and Wilson stay here until I come back. Nobody gets in. Nobody, understand? Doc, we'll have to impound you, too, until three. Understand, Brady?" Brady nodded.

"Now, Norrie," snapped Lanagan incisively, "beat it, boy, beat it!"

For two hours Lanagan and I fed paper into our typewriters, with Sampson himself whisking the sheets away as they came from the platens. The M. E. even came in once or twice and tried to preserve his dignity while he scanned the copy hot from the typewriter.

The thrill of Lanagan's great exclusive was throughout the entire plant. Not a half dozen people in the office knew just what the story was, but each knew by the subtle instinct of communication that the big scoop of the year was shooting down the pneumatic to the composing room.

Not until we had the first papers, sticky and inky and fragrant, in our eager fingers, did we stir from our desks. Then followed the usual jubilation as the scouts ran in with the "Times" and the "Herald" with the "Watsons Confess" scareheads.

Ah, that is life, that exaltation of the "exclusive!"

We wandered leisurely down to the Tokio. The story was wide open now. We were through. The morgue notified, Brady and Wilson stayed to attend to the routine, and Lanagan announced that he was going to Oakland.

We caught the paper boat, riding luxuriously on heaps of "Enquiries." Thus it happened that we were at police headquarters there with the copies of our own paper before the route carriers had made

their deliveries. Lanagan stepped to the phone and rang up Henley.

"Feel like buying a drink?" asked Lanagan. Over the wire came back some hearty and measured compliments. "You're sure in an amiable humor. Well, come down. You've got two prisoners to free. If conditions at your jail weren't so rotten I wouldn't say anything till morning. But I need a drink, which is on you, and the Watsons need a breath of fresh air." In fifteen minutes Henley was with us.

He was a gallant officer, that Henley. When he had finished he wrung Lanagan's hand until I thought he never would let go.

"Bring in the Watsons," he ordered.

IN a moment they came in, a weary, worn, misery-marked couple. It was their first meeting since their imprisonment. With a sob, asking no why or wherefore, Mrs. Watson fell into her husband's arms and mingled her tears with his. Her sobs—weary, worn, tired little sobs—echoed softly under the vaulted ceiling.

"I am pleased to inform you," Henley said grandly, "that through the efforts of our brilliant young friend of the 'Enquirer,' the murderer of Miller has been located. You are free."

Then followed such a scene of hysterical gladness and tearful, joyous explanations as Henley's room, that had beheld many strange and unusual scenes, had never witnessed.

Of course Watson, when arrested, confronted with the hammer and told that his wife had confessed, had yielded to the third degree and, unable to accept the full horror of it, yet had swiftly formed his plan to confess to save the woman he loved, even though she might have done the deed. She, on her part, told a similar story, had formed her plan, for it appeared that when the furor was raised after the murder was discovered she had found the hammer on her porch with fresh blood stains; knew it had been in Miller's cottage, and had washed it hurriedly, not knowing in her excitement just what to do, her husband even then having been taken to the scene of the crime by the police.

In face of his confession and her own hammer found stained in such manner, she had actually believed that he had committed the crime.

THE police automobile drove up and the Watsons were escorted to it.

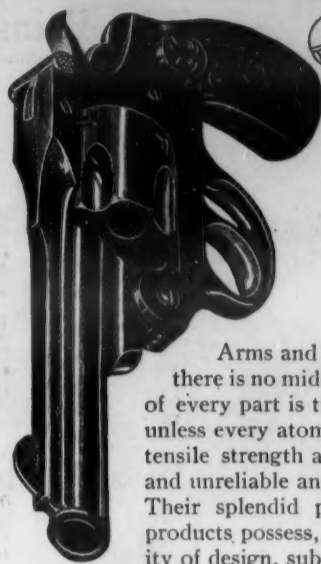
For the twentieth time, her eyes still tear-filled, Mrs. Watson said: "What can we ever do to thank you, Mr. Lanagan?"

"Forgive me certain brutal conduct," laughed that individual. "As I hope the Lord will forgive me," he added *sotto voce*, "for misjudging you."

As the automobile sped away to return a very happy couple to their home, Lanagan, hat doffed and in hand, bowed profoundly after the retreating machine, and remarked with veneration to the world at large:

"The tenth woman, gentlemen, the tenth woman."

Then to Henley: "Inspector, I believe you said something about buying?"



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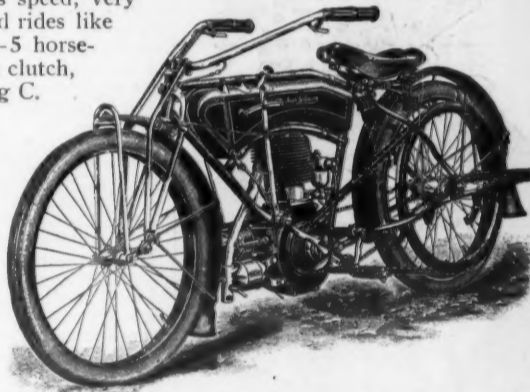
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## The Bainsbury Divorce

(Continued from page 15)



Then it came, what I knew would come

It got so I could not have even a few friends in to lunch, which was about the only form of hospitality I could offer. Of course, I always arranged these things for times when he was away; but he got in the way of coming back unexpectedly, and if he found people there he would behave so rudely to them that I had to give it up. He took to reading the society departments of the newspapers to keep tabs on me; and though I got so I wouldn't speak to one of those nice reporter girls, or let them in the house, and got myself disliked among them, still others would give the items, and they would creep into the paper some way.

Finally he got so he would give me no money at all, and he wouldn't give the children any more either, for fear they would give it to me. We were absolutely penniless. We lived in a big house, with handsome furniture, and kept servants and an automobile. But many a time when the car was not available I have had to borrow street-car fare from my housemaid. My old trick of getting on well with my help came in handy. I couldn't ask another woman to have a glass of soda water in a drug store. I couldn't have one myself. But I had a confidential dressmaker, and I got her to add a few dollars to her bills and then give me the extra money when she got Jim's checks. He would always pay the bills for my clothes because he wanted my appearance to do him credit. Jim was always careful not to stint me in any way the public could see. To the world I was a woman living in the lap of luxury, provided by a prosperous and generous husband, when in reality I was a penniless underling, cheating and contriving to have a few cents in my pocket to put in the contribution box or buy myself a newspaper. I had come smack up against the fact that as long as you live on anybody's money you have got to obey that person if he insists upon it.

If anyone thinks that I stood this life for the sake of being Jim Bainsbury's wife, or because I disapproved of divorce, he is mistaken. I had long since determined to have a divorce, but I was uncertain how to get one. It was easy enough to leave Jim. It was easy enough to earn my living or even make money in a modest way. As for the children, the two older would soon be out in the world for themselves, and I felt pretty sure any court would give the two little girls to me.

But I proposed not only to have a divorce, but to have a reasonable share of Jim Bainsbury's money. I had figured out that I was entitled to it. Jim, at his own desire, had withdrawn me from a self-supporting occupation at a very early age. He did not wish me to earn money any longer. He wished me to take care of his house and his family, cook for him, and serve him in other capacities. I had, therefore, given up nine of the best years of my life to that occupation. Then Jim decided that I was to go back to money earning again, for the benefit not of myself alone, but of the whole family, himself included. Six more of the best years of my life and youth had gone into the Little Benny. I had sweat blood for that mine.

In return the law guaranteed that Jim should support me, according to his station in life. But, in order to be entitled to that support, I had to endure a life that was becoming unendurable. If I left Jim, he might be able to get a divorce from me for desertion. I might not be able to get alimony. I knew Jim too well to think he would let me have a divorce if he could prevent it.

I WAS determined that I would have the divorce, but I did not know on what ground to get it. I knew very well that no court would ever give me a divorce because Jim would not let me entertain. Nor would the fact that I was kept in a penniless condition weigh against the style that I was seen to live in. Jim had always been a very hard-talking and hard-swear man. But I doubted if any jury would give a woman a divorce on those grounds. Jim had been a hard, steady drinker all his life. But no one in the world ever saw him drunk. I could have got some divorce lawyer's advice, but I was afraid the minute I went to one it would be all over town, and I wanted to have my plans ready first. I thought over the thing day after day, and finally my plan was ready.

It was one morning about a week before Christmas that we were all in the upstairs sitting room. My oldest daughter was home from school for the holidays, and she and the two younger girls were dressing dolls for some of our cousins' little children up in Leadville. I stood at the table cutting out the clothes. My confidential maid, the one I borrowed nickels of when I didn't have any, was helping, and my boy, Benny, was on his knees on the floor, putting partitions into a packing case to make a doll house of it. Jim was



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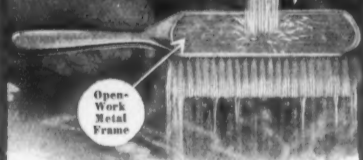
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## The Bainsbury Divorce

(Continued from page 36)

away in Leadville, the bright winter sunshine of Denver was pouring through the windows, and we were all talking and laughing together.

**S**UDDENLY a silence fell over the room. I knew without being told that Jim was there. I looked up and saw him standing in the doorway. And as I looked at him I knew in a minute that the time had come. The scene was set; the witnesses were there; it only remained for me to play my part.

I have said that Jim never got drunk. But those who knew him well could tell when he had been drinking more than usual. Liquor affects different men different ways. I know my Uncle Pat could walk straight as a ramrod when his head was all fuddled; and Mr. Collins could tend to business perfectly well when his legs wobbled under him. But with Jim it went neither to his head nor his legs. It went to his temper. He got ugly.

As I looked up at Jim I knew what was going to happen before it happened. He stood looking at us with that cold, deadly sneer on his lips and said: "Terribly nice and domestic, aren't you? Having a nice time with me away, aren't you? It's a wonder my house is good enough for you. Wonder you aren't all gadding with your society friends."

I walked toward him, staring him straight in the face, and said: "What's the matter with us? What are we doing to hurt you? Can't we even make Christmas presents for the children?"

"You shut up, you—" said he, and called me a bad name.

I walked close up to him and said: "Aren't you ashamed to talk that way to me before these children?"

Then it came, what I knew would come. He knocked me down.

Ben sprang up from the floor and jumped for his father; and his father knocked him down, too.

**W**ELL, those two blows got me the divorce and the alimony I asked for; those and the other evidence I was able to bring in. Jim fought me every inch of the way, and it was over his counter-charges that the papers had in columns about me and my extravagance and my craze for society. I was represented as a woman never at home, chasing about to clubs all day, and even my "activity in politics" was brought in. That was because I was interested in Lindsey's work, and helped get up the fair to raise money for his boys' camp. The popular picture of us presented by the press all over the country was that of a plain, hard-working, old-fashioned American citizen for Jim, with his life ruined by an extravagant, frivolous wife; while I was shown up as a vulgar, ignorant, new-rich climber, whose only idea was to spend money and make a show.

But when the case came to trial everything melted away before the evidence we produced. It was shown that the whole family never cost over \$25,000 a year, at a time when the Little Benny was clearing over \$200,000. And men who had lived at Fairview all the years I had told how I had worked when I lived there. And then those innocent children, with their account of the scene, all standing by their mother; and the maid, with her valuable testimony of a long series of nickels loaned and cusswords heard; and

my Uncle Pat, telling how I was not allowed to go to my aunt's funeral. It was all one way. And the Denver women who knew me best didn't need any testimony. They had seen and heard enough with their own eyes and ears.

But not one of them, friend or enemy, not even Jim himself, ever knew that I provoked that blow on purpose. Not even his counsel ever suspected it. Many a time before I would have had it, if I had not avoided it. That time I courted it; and courted it so ingeniously that not one person in the room that morning ever realized it.

**I**F any blame at all attaches to me in the whole matter, it is this alone. And for this I offer no apologies. I am neither ashamed nor sorry. I don't even care whether it was wrong or not. My life had grown intolerable, and I had to have relief. One woman since my troubles—one dear, sweet old lady—told me that I could have conquered all my difficulties and won Jim if I had only loved him. All I can say is that when Jim took me over anybody could have had my love that was kind to me. I had lived in the midst of kindly affection all my life. I never thought of living any other way, or feeling anything else toward the people I lived with. When Jim was giving me presents and kissing me so hard in those few weeks when we were engaged, I never supposed I was going to have anything but loving kindness all my life. I didn't have any grand passion for Jim, but I certainly was just as ready to love him as I had been to love my aunt and uncle and cousins when I came to Leadville.

I have now for the first time a definite aim, purpose, and intention in my life. I intend to run my life to suit myself. I never have before. I was brought into the world and reared on the Nebraska prairie without any volition of my own. When my parents died circumstances took me to Leadville—I couldn't do anything else. Wifehood and motherhood were thrust upon me, and for fifteen years my life was governed entirely by another person. For almost eight more I struggled toward a reasonable liberty, which would have injured no one.

The Declaration of Independence says that every human being is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I now propose to achieve personal liberty—a thing I have never had—subject to one great law—that I have no right to injure anyone. I propose to do exactly as I please; to conduct my life exactly to suit myself for the first time since I was born. I offer no apologies for this determination, and I do not care in the least whether anyone approves of it or not.

**O**NE piece of philosophy, it seems to me, I've brought out of this racket. If men like Jim wish to keep their wives where Jim wanted to keep me—that is, in the status of minor children, obeying what they are told—they should not let them acquire any experience which would give them self-respect or make them independent. Jim let me get such an experience as that, when he let me find out that I could manage a business which required the turning over of thousands of dollars a year. He let me get that experience because it suited his convenience to do so. Really, the Fairview Boarding House was the cause of the Bainsbury Divorce.

## Mrs. Durkee Draws the Line

(Continued from page 22)

borly and drop in once and a while," she continued. "Bring your pipe. I don't keer."

Joe muttered something about the stock and the garden together taking up all his time.

"An' the cookin' an' housework," supplemented Mrs. Durkee. "Joe, you ought to—" She paused and, casting down her eyes, made the lids flutter bashfully.

"I'm much obliged for the pie," Joe called after her as she drove away, and she smiled back at him and waved her hand.

Obviously, Joe considered, he had not scored in the late encounter, and certainly, he decided, something would have to be done. After the evening chores he devoted quite a good deal of time to pondering the question, and his supper suffered by reason of his abstraction of mind, but there was the pie. That was not scorched or shriveled, and it amply

made up for all other deficiencies. He cut a generous quarter of it to begin with, but that was a mere whet to the pie appetite, and the second and third quarters followed the first, and the fourth was left only by a supreme exertion of the will.

"After all," soliloquized Joe under the mollifying influence, "after all—" but he dismissed that thought and went back to the immediate problem, and presently slapped his thigh resoundingly. He had made another determination.

Something occurred the next day to strengthen it. Supplies were running short, and he hitched his team to the old Schuttler wagon and drove to town to do his trading. Business concluded, he sought surcease of care at his accustomed place, and was presently one of three or four congenial souls who related experiences. Instances of nerve were cited, deeds of daring and abject backward crawls, and apropos:

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## Mrs. Durkee Draws the Line

(Concluded from page 37)

"So he dies with his boots on," concluded Milt Kanable of the Flying U, "died with his boots on, but he wouldn't take a dare. Now there's one thing Joe Wick wouldn't do, and I'd gamble a five-dollar bill on it, and that's take off his boots."

"How's that?" demanded Joe.

"Take off his boots and show the darns in his socks," said Kanable, and, amid the inextinguishable laughter that arose, Joe got up and faced the circle.

"You're a set of gol-dummed idiots," he said witheringly, and left them.

HE returned by a devious route, stopping at two or three cabins on his way—cabins unblest by feminine ministrations. When he began to prepare his supper there was the quarter of pie still in the cupboard, but he regarded it with a lack-luster eye and threw it remorselessly into the scrap pail. Two days later Mrs. Durkee came.

"Sence you're so kind," Joe said with some embarrassment, "sence you're so kind, I—I've been sort of goin' through my duds an'—an'—"

"Well, fetch 'em out," said the widow cheerfully. "You don't need to be backward about it."

"I reckon I'm terrible hard on my clothes," said Joe apologetically.

"Most men folks are," observed Mrs. Durkee with kindly tolerance. "Fetch 'em out."

Joe complied. It was a rather large bundle this time, and he tendered it with misgiving, but his neighbor made nothing of it.

Another week passed and another, and twice within that period Mrs. Durkee came with garments neatly mended and pressed, and went away happily with others in holes and rags. Then came a day when the sun shone brightly and the meadow lark whistled from the fence post and all nature was gay. Joe Wick whistled too as he knelt among his onions, careless of the wear upon his overalls, and plucked the persistent weeds from the bristling rows, and when Mrs. Durkee called he smiled.

HE continued to smile as he approached the wagon wherein the widow sat, and was almost effusive in his greeting, which, however, Mrs. Durkee cut short.

"Any mendin' you want done, Mr. Wicks?" she asked.

Joe affected to consider. "Why, let me see," he began.

"Because if you have, I guess you can get somebody else to do it," said Mrs. Durkee coldly. "The same goes for Cass Williams and Dad Jennings, and it applies equally to Reddy Baker and Julius Tripp. I guess I don't need to go into particulars."

Into Joe's eyes had come a look of blank dismay, almost of terror.

"What's that?" demanded the widow sharply.

"I never give you nothing of Reddy Baker's," he said, looking attentively at his own boots.

"Do you think I don't know my own patch when I see it on Reddy's overalls?" she snapped. "I suppose you thought I wouldn't reckernize the tuck I took in Tripp's shirt, nor them green-striped socks of Dad's. You're a bird, Joe Wick! Now ain't you ashamed of yourself to play a low-down trick like that on a lone woman?"

Joe continued to look at his boots and made no reply, but if crimson is the hue of shame, he was ashamed. The widow regarded him with a relenting air. "Well," she said at last, "I reckon I can take a joke as well as anybody. I ain't thinskin'ed, but—well, here's what it comes to: I don't propose to do the mendin' an' darnin' for all the old bald-headed baches in the country, but—I'm willin' to do it for one." She paused for a reply, but none came.

"Nothin' to say?"

THERE was no response, and Mrs. Durkee shook the lines over her team and, with her lips tightly compressed, drove away.

Joe tried to chuckle, but it was a dismal failure. "I reckon I've got shut of her at last," he said aloud, but the triumph in his tone was hollow. "That was a good one on her all right," he went on. He laughed again as he entered the cabin, but it was the forced mirth of the sycophant at the jest that is hoar and old.

He knew in his heart that he would never relate this with glee to an applauding circle; still he persisted in his effort to convince himself that he had come out of the affair with flying colors.

"Pies, cakes, doughnuts, cookies, puddin', custards—them's my strong holt." As he sat smoking that evening, the words came to him with such distinctness that they seemed to be spoken in his ear, and before them his flimsy defenses went down with a crash, and he saw his conduct in its true light.

"You've acted like a egg-suckin' hound," he said. "She come to you kind an' trust-in', with favors and pie. You took the favors, et the pie, and done her dirt. You're a bird sure enough."

His self-communion ran on: "What if she did take a shine to you? Is that anything agin her? But you was a-skeered of bein' joshed, you coyote, an' you wasn't man enough to talk out square and straight. She couldn't have married you if you didn't want to, could she? Now, what are you a-goin' to do about it?"

IT was some time before he came to a conclusion, a matter of days; but he decided. There was one and only one fitting atonement, and that was to sacrifice his independence, his celibate content and bachelor habits—to marry the injured party and treat her decent. "By glory, I'll do it," said Joe, "an' maybe it won't be so worse at that."

Which set his fancy to picturing a future free from dishwashing, of cheerful, gossiping companionship, of peace and pastry. "Not so worse!" The more he thought of it the more alluring the picture became.

On the morrow he rose betimes, and with an infrequent razor and scissors pruned his beard to trimness; he donned his gala suit of black, his morocco-topped boots, and knotted a necktie with trembling fingers. Then, after swallowing several cups of coffee, for he had no appetite for solid food, he mounted his saddle pony and rode.

There was no response to his whoop at the Durkee yard gate, and when he tied his horse and knocked at the house door, none came, nor was there a sign of anybody about the stable yard or field, and the absence of the team and light wagon was conclusive evidence. From the gate the wheel tracks led northward, and, following them, Joe was soon on the road to town.

He saw the team hitched at the courthouse rail, and with a feeling of relief passed on to his accustomed place. Boone Mellish was there, Boone in highly unprofessional costume crowned by a derby hat, Boone with his face shaved to the quick and diffusing odors of bayrum and rum generic, Boone with a red necktie, polished boots, and waistcoat pocket bulging with cigars.

A FEW days before Joe would have fallen upon Mr. Mellish with all the might and science that in him lay, but now he clasped the hand extended to him and shook it heartily.

"Joe," said Mellish with a slight thickening of utterance, "I acted for the best. I can lay my hand on my heart and say it."

"Boone," returned Joe, "there ain't no doubt about it in my mind, so say no more and leggo of me."

"But I want to explain," insisted Mellish. "You will ask yourself why I acted for the best. Naturally, because that ain't always the way I act. Well, I lay my hand on my heart and I answer you as man to man. I acted that way because it was up to me. What's more, it was a case of love at first sight. I ain't countin' what little I could make out through the crack in your cabin door, though my impressions was favorable, but the day before yesterday, when I stopped off at her house, was the first square meal I got at her; an' it was the first square meal I'd had since I left home. She had ras'bry pie for the dessert, Joe, an' I can lay my hand on my heart—"

"You'll break them cigars," interrupted Joe, paling slightly. "What are you talkin' about?"

"About Mrs. Mellish," said Boone. "Mrs. Durkee that was. It happened this morning early, and I'm the queen of the May. What'll you have? It's on me."

Joe Wick disengaged himself with no more than necessary violence.

"No, Boone," he said with a note of sadness in his voice, "you're mistaken. It's on me."